

New
and
Improved

Bruce On A Stick

A Bruce Campbell themed journal of twisty swamp culture

Issue Two
\$2



Noah Taylor



Bruce Campbell

Inside: Bruce Campbell news and interview, El Vez, fanzines galore, Peter O'Toole bookie, David Bowie, Peter Fonda, and other musique, James Dean scandal! and the famous Mark Hamill column.

Also, American Music Club a-live and the tequila lollipop contest!

all the *Bruce News* fit to print

Okay, so in the last issue, we lied. Bruce will not be starting work on his directorial debut, *The Man With The Screaming Brain*, this summer. Since his TV show, *The Adventures Of Brisco County Jr.* was picked up, Bruce will be shooting episodes till October. 12 episodes are already slated to be filmed and if the station keeps buying shows, there will be as many as 22 episodes for the first year of the show. It will premiere sometime in August on Fox - keep on the lookout for it! It will run on Fridays at 8pm.

So, this means that Bruce is planning to do "the love story" *The Man With The Screaming Brain* during the season's break of *Brisco County*. This break is not until Feb. '94. Bruce says that he'll probably use the time until then to polish up the script one more time.

We were watching *Dr. Mordrid* the other night starring Jeffrey Combs and we thought he was pretty successfully rockin' the Bruce Campbell look. As for vogue-ing on the famed B.C. acting style, we pick Everett McGill in *The People Under The Stairs* as the most avid adherent of that endeavor.

Gorezone magazine No. 26 has a 2 pager on *Army Of Darkness*. It's no biggie though - just a review and some pictures we've seen before but it does have this bit of info about the original ending: When Ash is sent too far into the (wrecked) future, "Campbell is seen surveying an extremely tacky backdrop montage which depicts the crumbled form of Big Ben, evoking the final moments of *Planet Of The Apes*." Now that sounds neat...

Fangoria just put out an issue called "Bloody Best Of *Fangoria*" which is just to make you pay \$5 again for the same old articles. However, there is a new article on *Army Of Darkness* and one of the reprints is an article on the 1992 *Fangoria* Chainsaw Awards, of which Bruce was the host. In the *Army Of Darkness* article, which is actually pretty decent, Sam Raimi says this about Bruce: "Bruce is the Everyman we all feel like when idiots, jokers, bullies and big-mouths come to torture us. We laugh because this poor fool is getting it instead of us. You see you own stupidity and cowardice in him, and all your other base instincts are brought to life on the screen. Bruce has a great sense of comedy, so it's always great to hit him with a pie or knock him on his butt or let the skeletons gouge his eyes. He knows very well how to play it to get big laughs." The article also mentions that Bruce liked the original ending of *Army Of Darkness*: "It was an appropriate ending for Ash's character, but the studio wanted something happier." As for the Chainsaw awards article, there's two pics of Bruce (and one of Brad Dourif and one of Jeffrey Combs) and this quote from Bruce: "I have no idea why I have been selected to host this program." Otherwise, the article just runs down the list of winners.



Our fave Bruce quote for now: "It's fantastic woking on an A picture - I've worked on so few of them." About being in *The Hudsucker Proxy*, from "Bloody Best Of *Fangoria*"

Bruce On A Stick

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We reserve the right to edit for length and clarity all the stuff you send us so if you gotta problem with that, let us know. Submissions happily accepted. This issue dedicated to Marlena Sonn, 'cos a big heap o' thanks is not enough and to Mick Ronson, who's dead now.

The Bruce Mailroom...

Oh joy! What fandom there is out there...how dreadfully wonderful. We thought we might as well rip off our favourite magazine (SPY) and steal their mailroom idea. Here goes: Lots of you wrote in to say you're Wings Hauser fans too (this means a lot to me) and lots to proclaim, "Wow, a Bruce Campbell 'zine!" Tracy L. from Ontario writes pertaining our "embarrassing soft spots" thing last issue: "Tyler? - Burt Reynolds!?! My Aunt used to love him but I always thought he looked like someone who'd be staring at you funny and making you nervous late at night on the subway." Dave Szurek writes with the much appreciated info, "Be sure to see *The Carpenter* and *Pale Blood*, both of which feature Wings in prominent roles and both of which are available on videotape." Well, our good friend Veronika does review *The Carpenter* in this issue which she screened during her "Wings Party-In-My-Pants Love Fest" as she put it. Dave also adds, "Since *E.T.*, Henry Thomas has starred in *The Quest* and *Murder One*." And the best part: "Give me a break from Mark Hamill. If I never see another movie starring him, I can live with that." Well, Dave, he never really stars anymore does he?

"I did a lot of trading with other fanzines, so a lot of these letters are from editors of some really neat zines. For a listing of all the zines I got, look no further than pg. 13.

Dear Tyler,
I saw this picture of Wings in a National Enquirer that the mailman accidentally delivered to my mail box and that I kept of course. I thought you would appreciate it highly.
Robin Hennessy, NYC

Wow Robin! Thanks sooo much! I can't believe it - Wings is really makin' the rounds these days. Hope I can reproduce this picture good enough to show how awful he looks. (No offense Wings - everyone looks awful in Nat'l Enq. pictures!)



More men ought to dress like "Roseanne" hunk Wings Hauser. He's a blaze of fashion glory in a fiery orange suit.

Dear Tyler,
Here's Action Girl #2. Hope you like it. Little did you know when you sent your zine that we are serious Bruce Campbell fans! I love it when he says, "Groovy." It makes me squeal. A friend of mine met him and said if he'd gotten to know him he would have asked him to call me up and just say, "Groovy."

Sarah,
Action Girl Newsletter/Mad Planet

Sarah, what's yer phone number? I know a good Bruce impersonator.

Tyler:
Thanks for the premiere ish of BOAS... I'm glad to see that someone is giving Campbell the recognition he so richly deserves. And by the way, you are not the only Wingsophile out there...the whole ER Krew thinks of him as something of a minor deity in our worldview. Did you ever read the interview that James Ellroy, the king of crime literature, did with him a few years ago in (I think) *Entertainment Weekly*? It was the whole reason I started to read Ellroy...anybody who knows and talks to Wings has got to be OK.

Dante,
Exploitation Retrospect

Yo! Does anyone out there know what this guy is talking about? I need to see this article if it exists. Will pay in blood for a copy.

Howdy Tyler
Thanks for BOAS. Who the hell is this Bruce guy and why

wasn't his paper doll image naked? How am I supposed to get to know the guy if he's got his underwear and socks on? You can tell a lot about a person by his/her feet, ya know.

Take carefully,

Miss Linsey,
Standard Deviation

Miss Linsey also cut out her Bruce paper doll and coloured it in and sent it back! I was going reproduce it here (alas without it's garish colours) so you can see the nipple rings Bruce has now acquired, but it didn't work out.

Tyler Ferrara (no relation to my personal savior Abel, are you?)

Thanks for BOAS! I, too, have been Ash-obsessed ever since I skipped school in the 10th grade to see the first *Evil Dead*. It scared the fuck outta me... Funny how it seems "campy" now, huh?

PS- As long as I'm impressing you with my Campbell-ese... I got his autograph in San Diego last summer. On an *Army Of Darkness* still, no less. Aren't you impressed!

See ya,

Aaron,
Blue Persuasion

Oh yeah? Well, I've got Bruce on tape saying, "Hot diggety!" Who's...laughing...now?

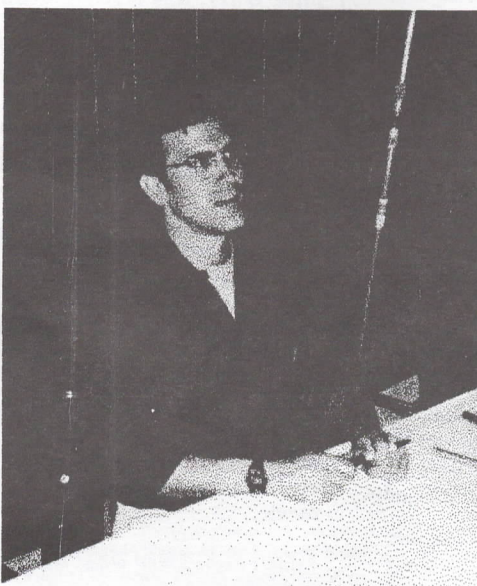
Tyler & BOAS-

Great zine! I'm a big fan of both Sam Raimi & Bruce Campbell. Neat interview and wow (!) a paper doll too! Plus stuff on *Dr. Gore* (AKA *The Body Shop* on videotape) and Wings Hauser too! Have you seen *Bedroom Eyes Part 2* w/ Wings and Linda Blair? Enclosed are some Bruce shots from the *Fangoria* convention last year in Chicago, IL. If you print them in the zine, please give me credit.

PS- Bruce is the best heel ever in Sam Raimi's *Crimewave*.

A. Vandeuren,
Trash O Rama

Kool! This is exactly what BOAS is looking for...pics and stuff! Well, here's one of the pics "A." sent me. Don'tcha just love the specs?



Yo BOAS:

Who da thunk that a zine with such an admittedly contained focus could be so entertaining? Digging Bruce is very okay, as he's a good dude.

3AM's fave BC flick would have to be the first *Evil Dead*, but a close runner-up is *Sundown*. Cary Grant plays Peter Cushing as Dr. Van Helsing! When your truly met Bruce at the Oct. '92 Chiller Thon in Jersey, I asked about his perf in that picture. "Where did you come up with that interpretation of such a cliché character?" Bruce's reply? "That was whatcha call total hambone."

Some kid who'd spent 2 1/2 years building a model from scratch (clay and wood) presented said piece to BC. It was a scene from *ED2*, with Ash transformed into beast; the wayward hand scuttling about the floor; and Edna(?), the demon lady in the basement, pushing up on the trap door. (It's *Henrietta* actually, otherwise known to us at BOAS as "Schnotz." - Tyler) Detail was x-quisite, man. Could hardly believe this guy sculpted it himself. Anyway, he says to Bruce, "It's for you. A gift." Campbell was floored. He didn't know what to say, but smiled and graciously refused. "I can't take something like this." He signed it a couple of times, thanked this kid profusely, and seemed a bit disconcerted. Since I was next in line, you know that you have to mention something like that. He sez that "you hate to refuse, because you don't want to upset the guy. But something like that... I wouldn't know what to do with it!"

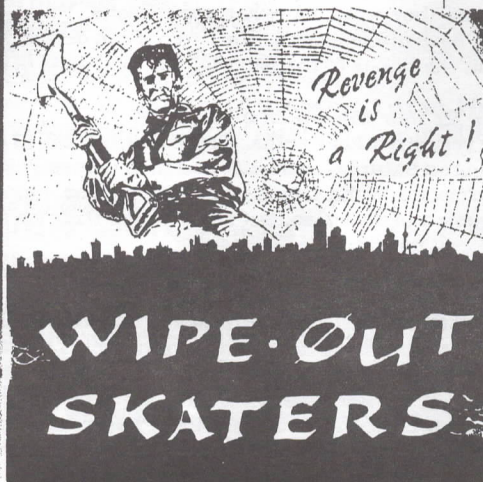
Oh, I'm sure you already know this, but he signs all autographs "To _____ my pal Bruce Campbell."

Wasn't he great in *Mindwarp*? The pic itself reminded me of what Hammer would be making in this day and age, but Bruce did great in a role that was pretty much just him playing himself. That must be why he clicks w/ so many folks--his acting style is so loose and natural.

But I digress.

Bruce made the cover of hardcore Spanish punks Wipeout Skaters album *Revenge*. It's enclosed.

Joe Johnson,
Numero Uno Honcho of 3AM magazine



Part I

The Bruce Campbell twisty swamp interview!

Okay it's time for this issue's interview with the lauded man himself. I did this interview with Bruce Campbell over the phone on Paul's birthday (18 June) at something like 7 o'clock his time. Being a time in between *Army Of Darkness* and before the airing of *The Adventures Of Brisco County Jr.*, I decided to do just a regular ole' interview with Bruce. I haven't really ever seen an interview that dealt with Bruce on a general level and I was kinda curious to know more about him anyway. I tried not to be too dumb (hard for me - especially over the phone which I get quite a phobic reaction to at times) and I actually think this interview came out pretty nicely (much better than the last one - yuck!) and so I hardly edited the thing...

Bruce: We only have 15 minutes, I'm forewarning you. I have to ride at 7:30.

What do you have to do? Ride horses?
Yeah, and wagons and things like that.

And is this what your schedule has been like recently?
Yup. Cowboy training.

Where do you go on Monday?
We go shoot here in town.

Okay, well, I just wanna do a basic general type interview. I've got some semi-serious questions, dumb questions and Glenn questions, which means obnoxious ones from my brother. So, would you sleep with Robert Redford for a million bucks?
I'd have to ask my wife. (Bruce gets call waiting-yeah sure) Okay where were we? Robert Redford...

Evil Dead always gets targeted a lot for violence, so what do you think about these "violence on TV" hearings?
Well, just because a guy does a bunch of violent movies doesn't mean he's a big fan of violence.

That's not what I mean.

Well, um, I think people should be able to put whatever they want wherever they want for whatever reasons. But I think shows should have disclaimers so the parents can decide. I think it has to be in the hands of the parents, not the hands of censors.

Do you let your kids watch a lot of TV?

I have very strict hour limits. They can watch till 10 o'clock in the morning on Saturday mornings and then they can't watch it again 'till 4 o'clock and then it goes off at dinnertime. I mean, I watch a fair amount of television, but I don't think there's a huge amount of value in television.

And nobody really watches the "good" TV...

I think families need to be self-policing. But I don't think we should ever tell people what to put on the airwaves. I don't think that's right. My question is, who ever started the vicious trend of gotta have more, y'know, T&A on television? Who started that? The production companies? Or, are there letters sent in saying, We gotta see more of this, more of that? They say they're responding to what the public wants; well, how do they know?

Ratings. The scary part is that a lot of people watch it.



So it's a catch-22. It's just like, did someone watch it 'cos they came up with a hare-brained idea or did they come up with a hare-brained idea because they think someone will watch it? It's a chicken and egg thing there.

Uh, still in the violence vein... What do you think about making people laugh while you scare them? I remember when I saw Evil Dead II in the theatres, I was literally on the floor laughing, but when I got home, I didn't really want to go into the basement for a week or so.

Actually, I think that's cool to be able to do that. And that one's a rare one. We weren't able to do that before and haven't been able to since. I watched a family at a showing at a theatre. And it was a dad and a wife and the kids and they could not decide whether to stay or to leave. A horrible thing would happen and they'd race to the back of the theatre and then everyone but the dad would step outside to the lobby and he would stay at the door watching and then he'd signal them when it was kinda OK to come back in again. We couldn't get 'em to stay and we couldn't get 'em to leave. It was really bizarre. (Now Bruce's fax machine starts beeping and acting all wrong) Something's wrong here.

You're a busy guy in the morning.

Well, this is kinda odd actually. (To machine:) C'mon you piece of junk. Sorry, this is really weird.

Okay we'll make this interview like a Part I type thing so we'll begin at the beginning and you'll have to tell us about when you were a little kiddie.

Michigan. Outside of Detroit, on the outskirts. I was born very close to my mother. Actually, I was born in Royal Oak Michigan. In the same hospital as Sam Raimi.

What were your favourite movies? Who were your idols? Who'd you wanna be like?

Steve McQuenn. I wrote him a letter in 1974 after I saw *Papillon*. And all my friends made fun of me because they thought, "Ah, he'll never write back." And guess what?

I hear a good story coming up (I should've known better...)

No, they were right, he never wrote back.

Let's see, favourite movie... Well, *Papillon*, uh, that was impressionable. I went to see all the last of the John Wayne movies. Um, what else? Uh, I mean as a kid, movies like *Von Ryan's Express* was a great movie.

I don't even know what that is.

It's a late 60's, obscure, Frank Sinatra WWII picture. He gets gutted out at the end. It was during a time period when people could die horribly; where heroes could get killed. They can't anymore. It's just not cool to kill off the hero anymore. They won't let ya even.

My favourite movie of all time is *Bridge On The River Kwai*. I'd say that's the coolest movie ever.

My favourite movie when I was a kid was *The Beatles' Help*. *Swiss Family Robinson* was pretty cool too. And *Son Of Flubber*.

We had *Escape From Witch Mountain*.

Well, y'know they make lasting impressions. I think Sam Raimi's was the Incredible..., no what is it? *The Fantastic Voyage*? Where white corpuscles wrap around Racquel Welch's body.

Were there any movies that inspired you to do what you do now? I saw my dad in a play actually.

And that did it?

He wanted to be an *artiste*, and his dad said, *I don't think so*.

So what was he instead?

He went into advertising. Which was *sorta* creative, but then he found out it really wasn't after all. So he got into community theatre as a diversion, like a lot of people did. And I went to see him in plays and I thought, *I like that*, 'cos I never saw my dad act that way before. He was very silly, looked very happy.

He wasn't your dad anymore.

Uh-uh, it wasn't my dad anymore. And I thought, *OK*. So when I wanted to do it, he encouraged it. Lead me down the road of ruin.

So your parents approved.

Pretty much. My dad was the first investor in *The Evil Dead*.

Did he like the movie?

I don't think so. The point was that he was helping junior.

That's very cool.

Yeah, it is very cool.

You have brothers and sisters?

2 older brothers. I'm the youngest, most beaten up brother.

They tease you a lot? Did they tie you up with ropes and drag you up and down the stairs? That's what we did to my youngest brother. No, they didn't. We went over to visit a friend's house once, a friend of my mother's, who had a family of nothing but girls, which we thought was going to be great. But they chased us around horribly and we had to lock ourselves in my mom's 1957 Chevy.



That sounds like heaven to me...

We had some Spanish peanuts in the glove box. And we were eating them and saying, *Ha Ha you can't have any of these peanuts*. So the girls convinced us to give them some peanuts and we rolled the windows down a little bit and gave them some Spanish peanuts. And they chewed up all the peanuts in their mouths and made it like peanut butter, and squished it all over the windows of the car. And that was the first time I remember retching but I had to keep it in because I was in my mom's car. First horror scene.

Ok, let's see... So, like 10 years ago is this what you thought you'd be doing?

Actually, yeah, ever since high school.

To be a...

A phony actor, yeah. Pretty much. Because right after high school I went up North to Northern Michigan to work as an apprentice in a "star" theatre - they had people like Doug McClure, Vicky

Lawrence, Abe Bagota and Tommy Smothers... These are probably names you don't even know.

(Offended-like) *I know them!*

Well, OK. To me, even though it was ultimately kinda low-rent, it was still "Hollywood." So I went up there and worked for a summer as an unpaid volunteer pretty much, working about 18 hours a day, but it was the coolest thing ever.

What did you have to do?

Everything. We'd have to put up the sets, we'd be stage managers...every week we'd rotate.

You were kinda a junior producer before your time.

Yup, exactly. It was a taste o' Hollywood. It was kinda fun to see broken down actors and people who weren't as wonderful and pure as I thought they were going to be; who were very temperamental. I kept a journal that summer and I kept several entries saying if I ever became an actor, I would not become a nightmare actor.

It seems to be a profession that brings out the worst in people.

It sure does. Well, it's sorta the emperor's new clothes syndrome... I mean, I've noticed the difference in how people approach me for this TV show. Every statement has a question mark at the end of it - "We're going to do a fitting at 4 o'clock?" Which means they're not telling you anymore, they're asking. And some people go, *Oo, I like the sound of that*. And start milking it. So I think that's how it partially happens. I also think people come out to CA to become happy. Once they realize movies won't make them happy, they become angry and antagonistic for no particular reason other than they just horribly miscalculated... That money and "fame" have not altered their lives. That they're still the horrible wretches they were when they first came out. So I guess the moral of the story is don't be a horrible wretch before you come out to Hollywood.

So, what do you see yourself doing 10 years from now?

Workin' steady. Hopefully just working.

Do you see Renaissance Pictures gettin' bigger or...

Oh yeah, they're already going crazy.

How's that?

Well, that's really a Sam and Rob Tapert thing now. I'm only loosely affiliated. I'm not officially partners with those guys, we just do a lot of stuff together. It's a real informal thing. Because I knew Sam couldn't always use me in all of his films... He's doing a Sharon Stone movie now, a western.

He's definitely got an interest in producing. As an actor recently, he's just been in *The Flintstones*!

And *Indian Summer* too.

Yeah, and several John Landis pictures...I mean, he's a ham. He was in *The Stand*, the thing made now. (*I think that's what he said.* - Tyler) He's getting more residuals than I am.

I think everyone wants to round things out. I mean, I hope to do a lot more writing and stuff as the years go by. Just to fill the palette a little bit.

You gonna do more TV too?

If it's like this TV, yeah. I mean, this is not a half-hour, cheeseball sitcom with canned laughter. This is a \$5 mil pilot that we shot and it was shot by the guy who shot *Unforgiven*. So, it's like very serious stuff. This is being billed as event television, where you tune in every friday and you get a movie, not a tv show.

So are they starting up a huge publicity machine for it?

Oh yeah. That will start in July. I've already been in New York, Chicago, San Fran, Orlando and several bashes here in LA.

Sounds huge, like a really big deal.

It's ridiculously huge. Bigger than I ever thought. But look at the fact of this, this is why television fascinates me: More people will

see *Brisco County*, the pilot, when it airs on Fox in one night than anyone who saw *Army Of Darkness*, *Evil Dead*, and *Evil Dead II* combined in total. Television becomes much more attractive because when it allows you to do your other independent things when you get a break so much the better. 'Cos it's always a hassle setting up independent movies.

You're going to be so much more accesible after Brisco County airs. Things are gonna change a lot for you.

Yeah, that's what kinda, a little weird. I was reveling in my anonymity.

Yeah, people are gonna have you in their homes!

They won't have any choice, I will come to them. It's kinda bizarre.

Do you think anybody could be an actor? Like, does it take something special?

No, cos I don't think just anybody would want to. You got to want to, it's not just a matter of You're great, You're wonderful, You're beautiful...you have to actually really want to do it; it's like any job. No different than that.

You have to want to work at it.

Oh, yeah! I mean, anyone can stand there and say dialogue. You gotta *feel* it baby!

--Let's do this, let me get in my car and I'll call you back and then I'll give you another 15 minutes while I'm on the road.--

--*You have to drive yourself?*--

--(Nasty-like) Yeah, I still have to drive myself.--

(A real short time later...)

--Okay, this phone sometimes go in and out so just bear with me.--

Ok. You wanna hear my brother's obnoxious question?

Yeah, whatever.

He says, do you think Ted Raimi looks better as Henrietta or himself? (Glenn just loves to bash the Raimis.)

Let's give Ted the benefit of the doubt... Henrietta. Definitely.

Are you jealous that Wings Hauser is going to marry Linda Blair?

Wings who?

Oh that's nice! Here's a question I stole from somewhere - What did your teachers used to say about you?

Actually there was a teacher named Ms. Butcher, who my brother and I both had a thing for in about 5th grade. And I tried to show her that I had a moustache. And y'know that peach fuzz that you get on your lip when you're a kid? If you push your lip out it looks thicker. So I raised my head up and pushed my lip out and it looked like I had a thicker moustache... That was Ms. Butcher

Was she impressed?

Um, she was unbelievably impressed. But then again, teachers are supposed to patronize their kids. She wrote in her journal entry that night, *I just met the biggest loser on earth today.*

Ah, how old were you?

This was just last week. No, I dunno, 9 or 10 or something.

Did you have any weird collections when you were a kid? Bug collections? Spit collections?

I had G.I. Joes, the G.I. Joe guy. And the German guy, the Japanese guys and the American guys. The lines were still clearly drawn for kids but (Bruce's phone goes out for a second) the Japanese and the Germans were still supposed to be bad guys even though when I had played with them the war had been over for 15 years.

Do you collect anything now?

Residual checks. No, uh, actually a friend of mine brought something to my attention, that I actually collect things for a friend of mine. Like, weird pop bottles. Because if you go into a lot of small towns, like, if you go into a certain area to buy antiques, not that I buy antiques, but there are certain areas that are real commercial and you're just gonna get duplicates of stuff and it's gonna be garbage...

(Confused-like) *Right?*

But if you go into some small town, you can actually get some real oddball, regional, old pop bottles. So, because I know he likes them, I collect them for him. He's also a collector of movie paraphernalia. And so, his point was pretty well taken: If you don't collect it, nobody will. That's his theory. I'm going to give him...I have an early badge of *The Adventures Of Brisco County Jr.*; it's a button. But it's a specific promotional piece that will never be used again. So even though it's 1993 and the show is obscure and it may or may not be successful, it'll still be an obscure badge that he can have in the future. And especially if the show bombs, it'll be worth more!



So there's no big collections.

No, that's for squares: "Well, I have 18 cars" or "I had all of Humphrey Bogart's suits tailored for me..." No, no. Cause you know what that means? The subtitle below statements like that is "I have too much money and I have no idea what to do with it." I currently do not have that problem.

Um, let's see my list of questions here...
How 'bout some more dumb questions?

Did you and Sam used to write on the bathroom walls?

No, actually the bathroom walls were hard to write on because sometimes you could tell that the people had to write on the grouting. It's really hard to write, "For a good time call Sam Raimi" on grouting.

What's the best thing you ever made out of Play-Doh?
Play Doh?

Play-Doh, like the clay stuff that all the kids end up eating. Or how about Legos?

Could I choose *Legos*? I just put together my kids' like a, like a *Star Wars*-sorta space vehicle on the plane to Orlando last week. And we had to pack all our stuff up so I put it in the bottom of our backpack. When we got to our hotel room, it was *Legos* again. It was kool while it lasted.

It's hard for me to think of anyone not being of the Star Wars generation.

Y'know what saved that movie? The last 10 minutes. There were portions of that movie that were so incredibly stupid, I mean, *incredibly* stupid... That whole bar scene with all those stupid rubber aliens? I thought, Get *outta* here! But I have to say, when I saw the trailer, it was just very clear to me...I mean, I don't know anything about predicting how movies will do, but that one I knew from watching the trailer that that was going to be a massive hit, 'cos there was nothin' like it. Like nothing you've seen before.

I remember seeing the movie as a kid and thinking that it was the greatest. But a couple of months ago we had a Star Wars party and we just laughed so much!

I have to say, with all due respect to Harrison Ford, he *sucked*. "Don't get cocky! You're just a wookiee!" Okay... I can't blame him though. It's an earn while you learn situation. But the movie was a phenomena, and I respect that.

How old are your kids?
6 and 9.

What do they like?

Well, my boy is an obvious Teenage Ninja Turtles kinda deal. We're trying to discourage that somewhat.

Do you make them read books?

Oh yeah. My daughter reads, she's a voracious reader. The deal is, she can stay up as late as she wants if she's reading. And she sits up, it's unbelievable, she sits up for hours reading. Burns through these kids' books. It's really kool actually.

How old is she?

She's 9. She's definitely a reading animal. It's great, we just keep going to the bookstore and loading her up with stuff. My son, he's a little slower with that whole reading thing but I'll sucker him into that.

Me and my mum go to the bookstore a lot and load up, but my brothers don't read.

It's weird. Although I have to say, even today, I've never been known as a voracious reader. I have friends who will read a book a night but, if I find a subject that I like, I can read the thickest book in the



shortest time. It's weird. I just don't do the fiction thing. A lot of weird research things are interesting to me. Like, the west and how the west became what it is. I have a book now called *Miles From Nowhere* - there are still 32 counties in the United States that still qualify as frontier. Meaning less than 2 people per square mile. And they outline it in the book. Stuff like that, to me, is just like so much cooler than some lame-ass mystery novel, or spy novel... And it's all about stories from people who live there. Y'know, the Pacific Northwest; it's a fascinating concept of how we ran out of wood. How we ran out of trees. 'Cos we have basically run out. The fascinating thing is, I read a book about...it explained in incredible detail how from the first pioneers got here... You watch a map and as the settlers just moved West, they gobbled up all the wood. Why are people shocked that there's this debate over owls and jobs and this and that in the Northwest 'cos we're it. That's the last straw. And there's no good guys and there's no bad guys, but the point is as long as people keep acting like they're acting, which means like idiots, then the same thing is going to happen again and again. So stuff like that is fascinating to me. Y'know like how did we get to certain places, where did we get this mentality? And it came from the fact of, Hey we gotta get these trees outta our way because we gotta plant corn.

And everyone had to have their own lot too.

Oh, to this day, y'know this whole American Dream thing... Whoever defined that whole American Dream thing I think should be shot.

It doesn't really exist does it? Well, maybe for 2%...
But the attitude exists!

Well, it's a selfish attitude really.

It's a horrifying attitude! --Okay I'm at my destination here so we'll call this Part I--

View and spew reviews...

Newer-type stuffings...

Pet Sematary II (1992) -- Okay, I was very psyched to run out and get this tape since I had read lots of stuff on the total gore of the film. So, sitting down and gorging on cream cheese and olives, I watched. Maybe I'm gettin' jaded though; I didn't think it was that gory! Maybe 'cos it all didn't look real enough or something like that. Maybe I was too busy eyeballing little fresh-faced Edward Furlong. Where the hell did that nose come from? I don't remember him being such a catch in *T2*... I would even have this fight with my friend: Who's superior (cuter)? The kid from *Robocop 2* or the kid from *T2*? I always said no way to Edward, but hey, in *PS II* he wears a suit... Anyway, we all know the story to this here movie. People and animals die, they get buried, they come back. The plot is predictable by the second. This movie comes complete with an asshole sheriff (Mr. Clancy Brown, hello, nice to see ya) with a doormat girlfriend. There's even a *Shining* reference that just about hits you on the head with an axe in case you were gonna miss it. I could've really done without the heavy metal ballad soundtrack though, thank you. Oh and did I mention Anthony (baldbald) Edwards as Furlong's dad? The dead wife is the best though, "Dead is better! Dead is better!" 3 stars, 'cos the live dog looks way different than the dead dog. --Phineas Silver



Best Of The Best II (1993) -- After seeing the classic *Best Of The Best I* and being totally aware of how big a box office smash it was, I could understand why Fox would want to create a sequel to the critically acclaimed karate thriller. And, deciding to take some risks, they released it theatrically. Okay so maybe the guys over at Fox are not rocket scientists and maybe it didn't do so well at the box office, (you know you're in trouble when *Ishtar* and *Hudson Hawk* out earn you) but me and Sal had a great time seeing *Best Of The Best II* at our local theatre. You can have a lot of fun when you're the only two people in in theatre. (Okay, so one of the ushers came in for the last 25 minutes - that makes three sitting there when the lights came up.) Anyway, this is your generic Kung-Fu movie with its normal large evil disgusting menacing villian Wayne Newton (yes you heard me) and some steroid monster who does all the karate. In this one, post *Best of the Best*-USA Karate Team buddies Phillip Rhee and Eric Roberts are out to avenge the death of former-teammate and *Reservoir Dog* (a rather large one at that) Chris Penn who was killed in the dreaded "Arena," an underground type karate show where contestants fight for money in front of old people in suits and ugly tacky dress' that look like they're from the Wayne Newton QVC line of clothing. Of course the Arena is all very hush-hush, although there's no mob connections that we can see, and Eric and Philip find out all about it anyway. So, if your wondering, Wayne plays the ring announcer who typically gets decked at the

end of the movie (no, he does not sing his rendition of "Something" for the something-year-old patrons). Other than that there's not much to talk about (*it's a karate movie!*), besides that Eric R. finally cut his hair and looks like the old Eric we all know and love and formerly admired.

Oh yeah I almost forgot, I don't know if it's in the video release but in the theatre there were many a time when Phillip's or Eric's heads were cut off by the top of the screen. Also look out for a scene when Chris Penn is driving to his doom in his Camaro and you get a full and very clear shot of the tow. I'll give this baby five stars just because of my main man, that acting animal, Mr. Wayne Newton. --Glenn

Bob Roberts (1992) -- This is one kick-ass great movie. Trust me. --Phineas Silver

Robot Wars (1993) -- The first Full Moon release of the year. Let me tell you mister fancy pants, this flick's a real hum-dinger. Well, maybe not that good but it is certainly better than the movie I'm watching as I write this - I think it's the second in that crappy *Planet Of The Apes* series. The one with the guy that crashes on the planet of the apes and looks like Charlton Heston (that bastard). You know, the one where you have no clue what's going on when the Heston look-alike gets capture by those weird guys in white robes who are at this very minute taking off their masks to reveal their true veiny complexions. Ooh the girl just got shot; that's right, I remember... everyone gets killed in this one, even Charlton Heston (yes!!!) Hey! Charlton just exploded the entire planet. Oh well.

Anyway, in *Robot Wars* Don Micheal Paul plays Marian Drake, 2041 M-something robot pilot. Whose main source of income is carting around passengers in a spider-like robot to crystal Vista (conveniently a remake of a 1993 American set, uh, I mean town). Tourists are allowed to walk around, in and out of buildings and discover secret passages to buried robots. That's when our leading lady, Barbara Crampton, stumbles onto something special underneath City Hall (actually she was inside a robot - who knew?) Meanwhile, a Japanese general has shone up and is interested in buying the M-something robot for his army in Asia. But, of course, the general tries to steal the robot instead and that's when Don and Barbara, along with the aid of Stumpy (the mechanic), find another robot and get it fully operational. This robot is the same one that Barbara walked into before, the buried beneath the town. Well, in one of the easiest victories since Voltron, Don, Barbara and Stumpy just simply blast the evil general's robot in the belly. Roll the credits. Another mediocre Full Moon film.

Then it's off to the most entertaining part of a Full Moon movie - the Video Zone. This time we learned about Dick Band who composes that great Moonstone music. "Go out and get your movie soundtracks from Moonstone." Yeah right. One of the few times I go to the music store I'm not going to ask, *Do you have the latest release from Full Moon?* Retards. --Glenn

Bloodstone: Subspecies II (1993) -- What an honor, I get to review the first two Full Moon releases of 1993. And the hits just keep on coming. *Bloodstone: Subspecies II* gives us all a reason for living. In this sequel to *Subspecies* (duh - sequels seem like the only kind of films Full Moon makes), Radu's head (Anders Hove) is reunited with Radu's body (Anders Hove). In case you didn't know, Radu is an evil spaghetti chef...uh, vampire who must have got decapitated at the end of *Subspecies* (which thankfully I didn't see). Anyway Radu is reunited with his head by the now famous subspecies, which you must know are those little stop animation demons

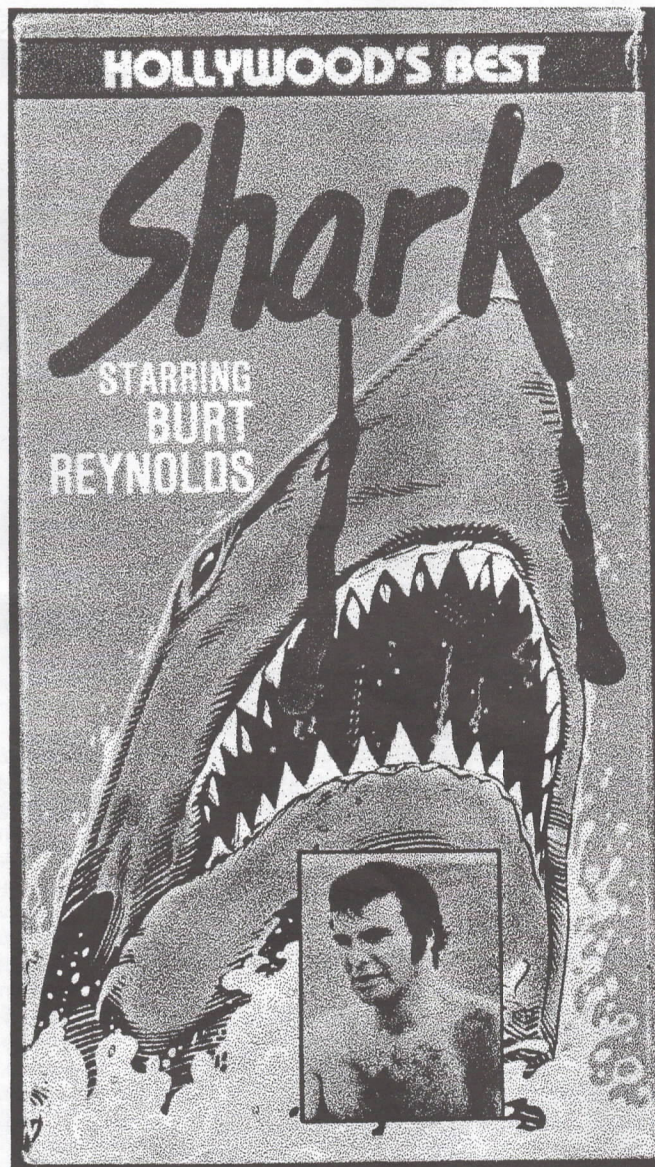
who are in the movie for about as long as one of those guys in the red shirts that beam down with Captain Kirk in *Star Trek*. After the subspecies paste his head back on, he starts chasing after some girl in Romania whom he made into a vampire in *Subspecies I*. She's got the bloodstone (some cheap Steve Bryant show bargain) and Snafu-Ragu-Radu wants it. Denice Duff plays the leading lady/vampirette who manages to call in her sister from the States (Melanie Shatner). Denice then is thought to be dead in the bath tub, but when she wakes up in the back of the, of the, of the, dead people car, she jumps out into the streets in broad daylight (?) and runs off into the streets of Bucharest. When her sister finally shows, she's greeted by great lines like, "I learned English from *Columbo* and Big Bird. I like that Big Bird, he is very funny, yes?" No. So...sis proceeds to get help from the American Embassy and some expendable old guy. They find Dudu's hiding place along with his money consuming makeup job "mummy." (The makeup probably took up half the budget, and it wasn't a good job anyway.) The old guy gets speared by the mummy and Denice and Melanie manage to kill Tofu with some special knife. But of course the end left an opening for *Bloodlust: Subspecies 3* which they were conveniently filming at the same time as *Subspecies 2*...

Which once again brings us to the best part of any Full Moon tape rental - the Video Zone! According to Charles Band, the president of Full Moon, he was very pleased and "proud" (your pullin' our foot rest, right Chuck?) of *Subspecies 2*. Wow. That makes one person who liked it. I certainly didn't. It wasn't exactly the most thrilling picture I've seen. Charles then proceeds to talk about the movie set he's on at the moment...the forth and fifth *Puppet Master* sets. He shows us eager viewers the poster for *Puppet Master IV* and talks about the main character, Decapatron (I think). "Decapatron's got three heads. A weapons head, a surveillance head, and a shape-shifter head." Oh joy. Now, I can't wait can you? Well in case you don't like the sound of *Puppetmaster IV*, there's always Full Moon's next release - *Mandroid*. Don't ask. They also talk about another movie I've been waiting for forever... BRUCE CAMPBELL VS. DEMONIC TOYS. Oops, I mean *Dollman Vs. Demonic Toys*. Starring the great Tim Thomerson (*Nemesis*, *The Wrong Guys*, and the *Trancers* series) and Tracy Scoggins of *Demonic Toys* and *Alien Intruder* fame. After the trailer for *D. Vs. D.T.*, they had a profile of Tracy Scoggins and her two enormous personalities.

Well, I can't see any reason to rent *Bloodstone: Subspecies II* (or read a real long review of it) unless you need something to help you fall asleep. The Video Zone wasn't even that good. One Star. --Glenn

Nemesis (1993) -- This movie was strange with a capital O. The O is for Oliver Grunner, the oiled up star of this piece of crap. I don't think there's anyone, including the director, who knew what was happening in this movie. Our star, Oliver, is chasing after some terrorist after some incident (who knows?) happened at some hotel. He chases one of them out into a junkyard (so appropriate) and reveals that he is part robot after he gets blasted a couple of times. After dispersing the terrorist, he is then seen in some desert town where another fire fight occurs and he kills some lady robot. To make a very long story not short enough he is enlisted by Tim Thomerson and Brion James to.....well, I've seemed to forget but don't worry it's not important. So predictably Tim and Brion turn out to be evil androids who are out to rule the world. It becomes up to Oliver and his new friend, some lady in minishorts and a bikini top (what else?), to stop them. O by the way, they're now somewhere in Polynesia. So...finally Brion is blasted in the head and in an ending from a *Teriminator* film, Tim Thomerson's robot skeleton chases them all the way to some weird space ship where Oliver pushes him off into the neighborhood volcano.

This movie rips off *Blade Runner*, *Rambo 3*, *Robocop*, *Terminator* and any other sci-fi movie. *Nemesis* is a rambling waste of time that Einstein couldn't follow. It's not complicated, it's just all over the place. One lonely star for this weirdy. PS - like when we went to see *Best Of The Best II*, Sal and I were the *only* ones in the theatre. No joke! --Glenn



Older-type classic stuffings...

Shark (MCMLXIX) -- Heeheehee. This is incredible! You can just tell from the damn artwork how incredible it is! (And how it was re-packaged after the success of *Jaws*.) My ole' friend Burt Reynolds here is in one of his more, let's say, *immature* roles. Somehow he ends up in the East and hooked up with some marine biologist (even though his occupation is officially gun runner) who wants to take him fishin' for sunken treasure. Good thing Burt's in great shape so he can out-swim those hungry sharks in the Red Sea.

Talking about Burt being in good shape, I just saw *Gator* for the first time. And Burt was really rockin' the ultra-hot no-hips-Mick-Jagger look. I like that.

Anyway, we've got a wonderful array of colourful characters here, as to be suspected in a movie set in the middle East and made in the 70's. I dunno, did the moviemakers think that Arabs are retarded or

sumthin'? One guy who picks up Burt hitchhiking (with the same truck Burt just ran off a cliff a second ago) wakes him at their destination by going, *Ling-ling-ling* in his sleeping ear. Needless to say, Burt is successfully jolted awake. There's also the half-Sudanese woman who wears long fake eyelashes and lots of bleached blonde hair. Burt and her get it on...where else? At the beach!

And...who cares what the holy plot is? It's Burt, and he's wheeling and dealing and in big trouble and in shark-invested waters. 5 stars because Burt and the scriptwriters came up with the greatest wise guy, son-of-a-bitch, obnoxious character. (One o' Burt's lines: "I don't have any luggage, fatso!") I like that. --V.H.

Scared Stiff (1986) - I'll watch anything starring our favourite forth-rate Wings Hauser wannabe, Andrew Stevens. He's *always* got that early eighties hairdo no matter what year it is! Actually, *Scared Stiff* is an mid-eighties venture and so we are entitled to get off on his storyline girlfriend's bad feathered look too.

Speaking of storylines, this little ditty goes a-something like this: Yonder up on a hill, there's a big house. Andrew and girlfriend, complete with little kiddie (*great actor*) move in. Low and behold, they discover bones in the attic and a sicko perv diary. Listen now. There once was a young man by the name of Rocky Raccoon..Ooops, wrong story. Uh, there lived in this very same said house, a long long time ago, a piano playing perv (whose wife's diary we have already found) who murdered his family and put them in the attic (whose bones we've already been introduced to, thanks.) So what do you think? The doctor came in, stinking of gin... Ooops... Speaking of perverts, Andrew slowly starts to become one and, you guessed it, starts looking like this old time guy so that we can follow the storyline and go, *Oh, I get it, he's possessed or sum-thin*. Yup. Then, at the end (and maybe the reason to see this movie), we go through this *amazing* tripping sequence. That's how I like to think of it anyway. Scenery changes from second to second, there's some girl we've never seen before laying in the fountain all blue and occasionally talking and all sorts of *Nightmare On Elm Street* imitation scenes. 4 stars. --Veronika Harrison



Wings Hauser Party Land!

The other day, my trusty little brother, keeper of dogs, told me that the kinda far-away RKO video rental store was going outta business and selling all their stock. Being given an expense account with **Bruce On A Stick**, I hopped in my VW mini-van to make as many low-priced purchases as I could.

What a wonderful sight! What with this RKO being planted firmly in Suburbia, the only shoppers there were guidettes looking for shit like Steve Martin and Julia Roberts movies.

Left for me was, well, everything...

So I poured over it all. I ended up finding three Peter Fonda fluffs (one being *Outlaw Blues*, which I have never seen, but have heard Peter's beautiful rendition of the title song.)

However, I also looked for Wings, and low and behold, I saw, I wept, I reaped.

So, here we go! These are the used but not too worn movies I picked up and the stars I give 'em. Wings Party Mania!

Deadly Force (1983) - This one brings back a lot of memories. I first saw this one a long time ago when Wings was riding his *Vice Squad* acclaim. The box says Wings is ex-cop Stoney Jackson, but don't be fooled; he's Stoney Cooper. Also misleading about the box is that Wings looks fuckin' great in this movie, unlike the picture on the cover would imply. OK, let's see... This is probably the best Wings movie I've seen so far. The plot is too simple for any holes. Wings is a slightly flared pants wearing tough guy who flies out to LA to look for the "ingenious" X-murderer (the killer carves an "X" on the forehead of each victim. Saves 'em the \$ of getting the hat.) Wings is something of a guaranteed superman in this one and his temper is pretty good too (Wings' body count: only 3). Hell, he's even charming at times! Definitely Wings' most likeable character. He even goes through an almost Ash-like beating at the end! All the other bit acting ain't so bad either - everyone does a good job except for the director (boom in the shot!) Oh, and need I say? One Wings love scene, two uncovered Wings butt shots. 5 stars.

L.A. Bounty (1989) - Sybil Danning is playing the ex-cop tough guy role in this one with Wings as the fun-loving playful psycho that killed her partner some unspecified time ago. Sybil totally bites. She says maybe 3 words the whole flick and lays the macho on real heavy. Wings on the other hand is terrific and wastes his performance on this ineffectual picture. He's looking a bit like a football player in this one, all stocky, and he isn't in the movie enough. But...Wings utters a famous Ash line at one point: "You're going down." (Wings' body count: 4) There were plenty o' laughable scenes in this, but give me *China O'Brien* anyday. Wings gets 5 stars, but *LA Bounty* and Sybil only get 2. (I don't have the heart to give it only one.)

Dead Man Walking (1987) - Ok, it's 1997 and Wings is a blonde hired hand employed by nerdy Jeffrey Combs, ex-chauffeur, and they're chasing orange-haired Brion James, the psychopath criminal on the loose who kidnapped Jeff's (sorta) love interest. Uh, and you see, there's this epidemic going on and there's "plague zones" that the healthy avoid and where the contaminated are forced to live. Wings and Brion are "zero-men;" they're contaminated and have only 2 years to live, so they're real happy-go-lucky and carefree, if ya know what I mean. And off they all run into the plague zone where there abounds horrible make-up and bonding scenes between Jeff and Wings (around the campfire!) Also some *Robocop*-type news segments. Need I go on? This one was a little boring - the most exciting thing that happened was that my dog threw-up on the couch. And I had to clean it up! Jeez! (And when I came back to the movie, Jeff and Wings were buried in the ground up to their necks.) 3 stars - one star is for Wings' opening scene when he's playing with a chainsaw, another star is for the scene where Wings gets jumper cables clamped to his nips and the last one is for Wings lookin' like he has skinny legs throughout the movie.

Nightmare At Noon (1988) - This one is an instant classic! Wings co-stars with winners Brion James (now even fatter), George Kennedy and Bo Hopkins. I'm proud to say that Wings gets top billing. George is the small town's lumbering sheriff where Wings and his wife have car troubles. Bo is the hitchhiker they've picked up and whom you expect to reveal himself as an FBI man at any time. The town is also where the evil Brion James, mad scientist, has tainted the water supply so that everyone goes nutz and bleeds green. Wings and Bo are okay though - they drank beer for breakfast. George Kennedy had some H2O though, but his moral superiority enables him to fight off it's wacky effects for a while. So, the whole town is going nutz and it looks a little like *Westworld*. And a great crammed ending: 1) Oh! almost forgot the romance part of the movie! Let's hurry up and put in a kiss (Wings' line: "Oh spare me!") and 2) a long distance shoot out between Brion and Bo which bleeds into a helicopter chase. 4 and a half stars. Wings is pretty good on the Wings scale even though Bo is the flick's hero.

The Carpenter (1987) - First let me say that this is the only movie box that does not show Wings with his most famous co-star, a gun. Instead, he's lethally armed with a big drill. (Hold the box at arm's length and squint - it's a gun!) Okay, so Wings is supposed to be *this ghost* but from the beginning, I'm just thinkin' that Wings is part of this deranged woman's mind, and I'm gonna keep it that way in my head 'cos I like it better. Wings is the personification of this house that Alice (Lynn Adams) and her slimey husband move into and start renovating. Alice becomes friends with Wings who works on the house at night and has the work crews that arrive in the mornings wondering how everything got done. He additionally gets rid of all the people who are plaguing Alice in one way or another. (Wings' body count: 4 1/2) I'm only giving this 2 stars 'cos Wings wasn't in it enough (although he did have an academy-award winning crying-like scene) and Wings' stunt double looked nothing like him. Futher, there was much opportunity for a chainsaw scene, but there was none. Also, when the other actors yelled, they had Canadian accents. Not as bad as *L.A. Bounty* though and he *does* staple some guy's face afterall.

--Veronika Harrison

Noah Taylor, Twisty Swamp Superstar!

Okay... There's this kid that lives half way around the world that I like. And I don't know a hellva a lot about him, which is required for love at first sight *anyway*. I first saw Noah's pic in an English rag way back in 89 and you see, he's sooo adorable and like a mini-Nick Cave that I just had to go out and run around looking for this movie that they were talking about. Turns out it was a little Australian film called *The Year My Voice Broke* and it's not too shabby. It's not perfect but it presents your kiddies-growing-up storyline more authentically and realistically than a lot of other "teen" film we've all seen. Okay, so some time passes and next I go to see a movie at the Anthology Film Archive here in downtown scumville NYC because I luckily notice Noah's likeness on a movie poster. Seeing the poster for *Prisoner Of St. Petersburg* was a great accident. I was glad that he was in another movie and that he wasn't just a one-movie-tike and/or doomed to reside in movies that would never come to harbour halfway around the world in the *so* diverse USA. For a while there I thought that I would have to rely upon *The Year My Voice Broke* for the occasional fix, which was rather actually okay for me since it meant that Noah would stay a perpetual 15 years old (However, by my calculations he was about 18 at the time, but with my math... Who cares? He *looks* 15.)

If anybody's got some good information about Noah or where some of his movies are available on tape, I'd love to hear it. And of course, to show my appreciation, I'd send you a PEZ in the mail soon afterward.

Noah in *The Year My Voice Broke*



The day I went to see *Prisoner Of St. Petersburg* was the day it was ending it's run. There were about 7 other people in the theatre. I took only myself and thank god. The movie wasn't so hot (a rip-off of *Wings Of Desire* I was thinking at the time) but watching little Noah wearing a military outfit and occasionally having a Dostoevsky-type epileptic fit just gave me the shivers. (Why do when all the male 'zine writers drool over someone it's pretty gratuitous and when I do it I feel like apologizing?)

Nowadays, I'm feeling a bit lucky again. *Flirting* has just come out on videotape and it's a sequel to *The Year My Voice Broke*, so Noah is back as main character Danny Embling - only now he's got a cute stutter. He's still a misfit though. At first while watching I think that there's no way this *couldn't* be a sequel, but by the end I'm thinking how could it be? Noah is totally upstaged by the super kool and gorgeous Thandie Newton. She plays his love-interest and while I'm sitting there waiting to be consumed by jealousy (which doesn't happen, 'cos it's not too romantic y'see), I'm thinking about how the press release for this movie made it sound like this flick was gonna be about prejudice in the Australian boarding schools of the mid-60's. Personally, I thought it's strength lay in showing how horrible boarding schools were.

Noah won Sydney Film Critics Circle awards ("prestigious awards," our press reminds us) for his acting in *The Year My Voice Broke* and *Flirting*. There is supposed to be another Danny Embling film, one more to end the trilogy. Danny's supposed to go end up in Paris or something. As for Noah, he's playing in some bands in Australia, strumming guitar and singing. What I would do to see this. Let's just hope Noah's not a jerk or anything. What a doll. (Sorry Noah.)

Noah's Great Rainbow

The Mary Belle
Dogs In Space
The Year My Voice Broke
Lover Boy
Prisoner Of St. Petersburg
Flirting
Dead To The World
The Last Crop
Secrets
The Road To Alice
Nostradamus Kid



Noah and Thandie in *Flirting*

Bruce Stuff

Chainsaw and Shotgun

61100

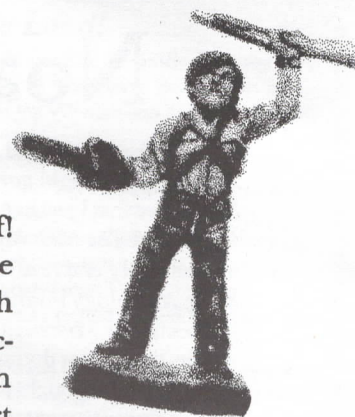
ARMY of DARKNESS

Chainsaw and Shotgun Boxed Set

Eight 25mm Lead Miniatures and a Figure Storage Case



LEADING EDGE



Ash

They're makin' Bruce stuff! Kool! We came back from the local comic book store with this box of metal goodies. Actually, the picture of Bruce in repose is probably the best part of it, but hey... As you can see, hopefully, the metal figurine

of Bruce looks nothing like him - or anybody else we've ever known in our lives.

There are a total of 4, I think so far, *Army Of Darkness* figurine sets. Only this set has any "characters" in it; the rest are just



figures of the skeletons in their battle gear. One of the sets has an Evil Ash figure, but we didn't get it. You can probably

get this at any chessey comic shop that sells that Dungeons & Dragons crap.

I'm not a big fan of comic book from-the-movie, after-the-movie adaptations but of course I picked up the *Army Of Darkness* comics. Needless to say, I refused to actually read it and so only looked at the pictures and the overall quality of the thing. The paper is real nice on this Dark Horse comic and I must say that the artwork is pretty fantastic, especially for a "mainstream" comic. The colours, most of all, were impressive. The *Army Of Darkness* comics are a trilogy and I highly recommend them if only for the groovy interview with Bruce that is included in them. It's a

sance Pictures



Fanzines galore...

Editor's Choice: (I always wanted to write that...)

Dave's 'Zine And Grille #1 (David Brady 201A Schoellkopf Hall, Univ. at Buffalo, Buffalo, NY 14214-3074) 12 pgs, half-size and nutz. I laughed out loud many times at the sick non sequitur-type tomfoolery in here. I can't really describe this 'zine; it's just totally demented.

Send some stamps or a buck to David and get it.

Madwoman #4 (\$2 to H. Perkins 1138 N. Wolcott, 3R, Chicago, IL 60622) Madwoman is a wonderful fem 'zine. There's a lot out there, but I think that MW is one of the best. 50 full size pgs of fiction, ad manipulation, poems and "Used Boyfriend" flyers. There's also a reprint of some sick questions used on "alleged" rape victims and welfare moms. I can't stress how angry and un-pretentious this 'zine is. My fave bits are the cut-ups - text that alternates between stupid *Cosmo*-type instructions ("Don't be afraid to show a little leg or cleavage. He won't think you're a bimbo - just very sexy") with awful stuff ("She was frightened and afraid they would physically harm her if she tried to get away. She knew there was no way to stop them.") Back and forth. Also reprints of some great cartoons and a guide to lefty, mostly fem, zines.

Eleventh Pin Nos. 1-6 (\$1 ea, \$1.50 for No. 6 Cyclone Publications PO Box 20013 Dayton, OH 45420-0013) *Wunterful* pics of the bowling pin in various settings. Eleventh Pin is the most charming thing I've ever seen! It's a mini 'zine about 20 pgs long, with excellent pic reproduction. There's hilarious photos of the pin at the funeral home, at Bob's Big Boy, etc. My fave is the pin with an industrial vacuum cleaner.

Well, here we go with the bunch of zines I got in the mail from lovely people all over the place. Most of these I had a great time reading and of course I encourage everyone to support fanzines. So, in no particular order, here they are... On the top of my heap is **Mad Planet #2** and the **Action Girl Newsletter #2** (MP, \$1 ppd. Newsletter, 1 stamp. c/o Sarah 543 Van Duzer Street, Staten Island NY 10304). The newsletter is 4 pages filled with mostly (girl) zine reveiws, with some hotline numbers and women's organizations. Mad Planet #2 is a newspaper zine that ripped off my paper doll idea (yeah, right) and has interviews with comic artist Carol Swain, Love Battery, the Toasters and more. Also with zine reviews, comics and my fave, "Cooking gross with Action Girl" with recipes for creamcheese and ketchup sandwiches. My mouth seriously waters at the thought... **Nuthouse #2** (\$1 plus postage. Twin Rivers Press PO Box 119, Ellentown, FL 34222) cuts up their damn articles! I hate that! NH #2 is fiction pieces ("The first hint Bubba had that his underwear was alive was when it took a great gnarly chomp off his left testicle") and a *Basic Instinct* parody. 12 pgs half size. OK, so I like the cover best... A nice little 4 pager zine for book lovers is **For The Clerisy #1** (Brant Kresovich, 18317 Reed, Melvindale MI 48122) Half is about how to start a journal and how good it can be for you (wow, like I just read the same thing in *Cosmo*!) And hey, Brant's a Jackie Chan fan!... **The Blab #23** (3073 Rio Bonita Street, Indialantic, FL 32903) is a big newspaper formatted 4 pager. Number 23 is the "Sinkholes and Cinema" issue - news clippings of those mysterious holes that eat (mostly) mobile homes, cars & sometimes people. As for the cinema, there's a list of their faves of each genre and descriptions of the movies and their credits. Great format... **Spazoleum #2** (Tim Tracey 1705 Scenic Ln., Healdsburg, CA 95448) is "a big boring peep into the life of one confused idiot punk" but a pretty damn good zine with lots of potential. This issue's got zine, music and over-the-counter drug, uh, I mean, *medicine* critiques... And then there's the wonderfully named **Yello Submarine #2** (\$1.50, half size 24 pgs, 422 Linden Pl., Elmira, NY 14901) that isn't another Beatles 'zine (not that I'd mind another). A little politically overtone (OK, I know that's not put quite right) zine with lots o' Ace Backwords comics, news clippings and finally! how to tie a hangman's noose! And the illustration of the little ambulance on pg. 4 is so cute it makes me wanna cry... **Sea Monkeys From Guatemala Nos. 4 & 5** (\$1.50 ea. or \$5 for 4 issues. Gretchen Holcombe 2504 Birmingham Rd. Canton, GA 30114) are something like 22 pages each of xeroxed clippings, poetry, zine reviews and random personal entries. Done by young charming girls (yeah!) and includes the worst pic of Chelsea Clinton I've seen thus far (in No. 5). No. 4 has articles on Daniel "Dreamboat" Day-Lewis and Winnie The Pooh (oh, Piglet!)... A very nice little zine is **Exploitation Retrospect No. 37** (\$1.75 + postage. PO Box 1155 Haddonfield, NJ 08033-0708) It's looks pretty good, reads pretty good and has movie and zine reviews that are right up our alley. Furthermore, there's an interview with actress/writer Zoe Lund (she co-wrote *The Bad Liet.*). Plus, ER had the good sense to write me and say that "they consider Wings Hauser a minor deity..." **Satan Wears A Bra No. 3** (41 7th Ave. Brooklyn, NY 11217) is a very cut-up half size riot grrrl inspired (sorry for that inevitable comparison!) zine that declares, "Oscars: Kietel, Yes!; Eastwood, No!" Lots o' clipped art, blurbs from fashion and other BS mags for girls/women. And a great (fiction?) story called "The Suburban Slumber Party Diaries..." Nice layout and writing in **Stuff And Nonsense No. 1** (Andrew Johnston 441 E. 9th St. #2 NYC 10009) Andrew says he's only got a couple of No. 1s left but I'm gonna write about this issue anyway. No. 2 will have a Peter "Neat Stuff/Hate" Bagge interview, so maybe you should write off for yer reserve copy now. No. 1 has got a diatribe on the music biz, zine, music and comic and political commentary... And then there's the diverse collection of miscellany that is **Mawewi Vol. IV**, No. 2 (\$2ppd. Adastra West, Inc. PO Box 874, Mahwah, NJ 07430-0874) This issue has birds, planes named after birds, constellations and bad puns. And my fave kind of thing: an "info" page with stats taken from all over the place... For the dirty-minded there's the **Ladies' Fetish & Taboo Society Vol. VI**, No.1 (PO Box 542327, Houston, TX 77254-2327) but it's not wholly what you might think. Kathy Biel and Elaine Gerdine are chronicling their "unceasing encounters with the weird" to make up a, well, weird 16 page zine. I can't say that I've grasped it's thread yet and there definitely seems to be a thread to grasp (ah, such writing skills)... I mean, *there's all these footnotes!*... Okay, here's another trashy movie type o' thing. It's **Schlock!** (\$1, 16 pgs., 3841 Fourth Ave. #192, San Diego, CA 92103) No.4 I love just because it has a Peter Fonda *Wild Angels* cover. I also love it 'cos it's got a 2 pager on Richard Lester, the man who directed my most fave movie, *A Hard Days Night!* (Hey - anyone got *A Hard Days Night* on CD-ROM yet?) Also has movie and zine run downs and a guide to the best porn shops in San Diego... **Eyewash Vol. 2**, No. 1 (\$1.50. Cyclone Publications PO Box 20013 Dayton, OH 45420-0013) is another venture from those 11th Pin people (see "Ed's Choice"). Like 11th Pin, it has great photos. In this issue, there's a 20 pager on "The Great American Psychopath" which includes such screen-gem-psychos as Travis Bickle (Bobby DeNiro, *Taxi Driver*), Jason Robards in *A Thousand Clowns* and even John Wayne in *The Searchers*. Also lots of bits and pieces on cars! (*Swoon!* Old cars, beat-up cars are my *one and only* fetish!) Eyewash is highly recommended... **Thora-zine** (\$3, 1 year/\$15. PO Box 571562, Houston, TX 77257-1562) is a thick (70 pgs?) and cold newsprint zine with an anarchist slant. I think you can send these guys *anything* and they'll start up some item with it - flyers for local shows, news bits, scene reviews... In issue 2 there's an article on the truth about hemp, an article on King Coffey and his record label Trance, live show reviews, music reviews, blah blah blah... Yeah! It's **Shock Cinema No.5** (\$4ppd. c/o Steve Puchalski, PO Box 518, Peter Stuyvesant Station, NYC, 10009) with a really great editorial rant and tons of well-furnished, well-informed reviews. There's reprints of some great old movie posters too. Only complaint - where do we get this stuff? Music and zine reviews too... What can we possibly say about **Psychotronic**? No.15 (\$4, 6 issue sub/ \$20. 3309 Rt. 97, Narrowsburg, NY 12754-6126) If you don't get this mag yet, well, you're really missing out. *Psychotronic* did an interview with Wings way back when in No.3 and in No.14 they had Brad Dourif. In No.15 there's some more pics of Wings and Brad on the letters pages. There's also interviews with Antonio Juan Jackson and Peter (*Dead Alive*) Jackson. There's also (the new) *Psychotronic* mail order. Michael Weldon and Co. also have *the best taste* in music (i.e. my taste!) - trash rock-n-roll, and the mag is written in a wholly un-smug style unlike some other semi-big-time schlock movie rags. *Psychotronic* is the greatest! (Can I have a free sub now?)...

***About zines: You should always send cash. Lots of these zines didn't tell me how much to send to get an issue so I just guessed. Usually the cover price and a couple of stamps will get you a copy of the zine you want. If you're just writing for info, a SASE is always nice too. Most zines trade for copies of other zines. So if you've got your own, send it off! And if you don't have yer own, check out some of these and then start one!

Forbidden Zone No. One (\$3, half-size, Jeff Smith, 1817 Oates Dr. Apt. 529, Mesquite TX 75150) has a great cover - "Godzilla Vs. Ultraman" and inside goes on to chronicle the only meeting of the two deities (on Japanese TV). There are some great illustrations and a Nicholas Worth interview (classic. At one point he says, "[Best Of The Best II] has got to be, without a doubt, the finest martial arts that's ever come out...") There's also an informative *Batman The Animated Series* episode guide... Blue Persuasion Nos. 1 & 2 (\$2, Aaron 603 E. Main #2, Lexington, KY, 40508) is a half-sized, colour xerox covered little zine about whatever Aaron's been doing. In No. 1, he reviews the Jerry Butler (porn star) autobiography and rants about SNL and *Wayne's World*. There's also a how-to masturbation article (for guys, of course...) No. 2 has a long and pretty funny interview with smut comic artist John Howard and lots of reprints of his work. There's also a cute interview with the very cute Naoko from *Shonen Knife*... 8-Track Mind #75 (\$2, 4 issues/\$8.40 pgs. 8-TM Publications c/o Russ Forster PO Box 90, East Detroit, MI 48021) called BOAS "a hoot." This is the same thing that Bruce himself said. Is this a Detroit thing? Anyway, this zine is all about "the tracking way of life." In other words, it's all about 8-track players and cartridges. About half of the zine is just letters from readers providing anecdotes and contacts for 8-trackers. You furthermore get a free cartridge with a subscription! And the cover of #75 features Beatles cartridges. (I only have the *White Album* on 8-track incidentally and it's *black*...) And then for the true-crime enthusiast there's *Evil*. (Free with a SASE. Dan Kelly PO Box 476641, Chicago, IL, 60647) This is the "newsletter for true-crime book fanatics" and Dan Kelly knows his stuff! But most of all, I love this: "The book looked trashy as hell...so I bought it!..." A 'zine that you'll keep forever is Richard Akiyama's *Skam*. (\$4 ppd/\$6 foreign. PO Box 240226, Honolulu, HI 96824-0225) A great reference guide to Hong Kong cinema, but issue No. 13 is unfortunately the last! Richard is not done publishing though; write to him for info on his new 'zine. Issue 13 has tons of movie reviews, some caustic mail and an "autopsy" of *Man Behind The Sun*.... Oh god, are the 'zines ever gonna stop??? Here's another - *Celtic Pampelmousse* #v5.0 (\$1.66 Greyhound Dr. Willowdale, ONT, M2H 1K3, Canada) This issue has an article on "Star Trek: (Brainwashing) The Next Generation," on the racial implications of Klingons, Ferengi and Romulans. There's also a defense for hip hop, amusing "Subway Shenanigans" and 'zine reviews... *Grindhouse* #11 (\$? J. Adler PO Box 1370, NYC, 10156) J. does a little 6 pager of movie reviews (*50/50*, *Alive*, *Dead Alive*) and also sells some kool video stuff. There's also a rant against Sam Raimi in here and, "*Evil Dead 2* was so fuckin' awful I walked out midway." I don't understand... *They Won't Stay Dead* #23 (\$1 c/o Brian Jonson, 11 Werner Rd., Greenville, PA 16125-9434) is 8 pgs of film reviews, a "spew" column and "Orson Bean - the antichrist?..." *Kaspahraster* #6 (\$2, PO Box 8831, Portland, OR 97207) has a great cover, that's for sure. This is a politically slanted thingie with news clippings and blurbs, poems, "How To Piss And Pass" (for if you work at some fascist piss-testing company) and zine reviews... *Loafing The Donkey* (\$2, Peter Mantis, 123 Stonewall #1, Memphis, TN 38104) includes film, music and some good zine reviews. Additionally, there's a little article on the Gulcher record label. Kinda localized though since a lot of stuff is about Peter's radio station and show... A 'zine with "no particular theme" is *Standard Deviation* (\$1, PO Box 774, Arcata, CA 95521). There's a reprint of a really screwed up (and worth showing to all your friends) not-so-old *Cosmo* article ("How To Make An Impact On A Man" - "Let him know you never wear underwear") and a kinda equally bizarre (I thought) article on corsets. There's also some poetry and some rants... Hey, anyone paying attention anymore? Does anyone out there seriously resent whatever the hell they did to *Reeses Peanut Butter Cups*? I mean, there's something wrong with them these days; they don't taste quite right... *Licked Bland* (\$1 to Joshua, 2501 Wickersham Ln #2132, Austin, TX 78741) is a mini-zine with a gothic slant, but that's OK 'cos that means *incense* reviews. There's also some poetry but it's mostly reviews of 'zines, scenes and shows... *Trash O Rama* No.7 (\$2, A. VanDeuren, 2124 Hawthorne Hts. DePere, WI 54115) There's a lot of reviews in here of a lot of interesting looking films. The reviews certainly piqued my interest in some of them. Also a weird but true news clippings page, a fiction short story and an interview with idiot Mike Diana... *Hip Clown Rag* No.2 (\$3 w/ record, Cher Doll Records, PO Box 9609, Seattle, WA 98109) I can't tell you what the single (Crayon and Veronica Lake) this 'zine comes with sounds like cos I didn't get one. But knowing HCR's taste in music, it's probably pretty decent. There's also an Elvis filmography-commentary in here that I mucho enjoyed and a thingie on old cars that made me swoon (again)... *Dreadful Pleasures* No. 4 (\$2, \$7 for 4 issue sub. Michael Accomando, 650 Prospect Ave, Fairview, NJ 07022) "DP celebrates those films which are the cinematic equivalent of fast food." Some filmographies, British sexploitation of the 70's, interview with Delia Sheppard. 20 pgs, pretty good... A 'zine I read cover to cover and named after my most productive hour is 3 A.M. (\$1.50, Joseph Johnson 152 W. 3rd St. Oil City, PA 16301) J.J.'s got some good taste and issue 10 has a long and reminiscing piece on the Dead Boys, some kool music picks (Gallon Drunk *rule*) and film blabberings. #11 is not as great 'cos it's much more concerned with T&A than #10 was but is still good with a Ron Asheton article, reviews of ultra B stuff and some drive-in fiction... Last, we have the mega-slick, fancy lookin' *Waffle* No. 3 (\$2.00 c/o Noel Tolentino 301 Heller Drive, UCSC, Santa Cruz, CA 95064-1012) Pretty thick zine that came with an A-team napkin and stickers! There's also a Breeders interview, Beastie Boys interview, comics, "Making Love To A Man With Aids," and an interview with a stripper that works at the first woman-run strip joint. Very impressive graphic design. Looks good, reads good; Noel even has nice handwriting! I'm jealous.

I'm outta room. This will continue next time! A big honey covered SORRY to those who sent me their neat 'zines but whom I couldn't fit in this time.

Our Favourite Elvis impersonator...

EL VEZ!!!

El Vez is definitely the coolest. He's the "Mexican Elvis" and is the only impersonator who really understands the cult of Elvis. There's an El Vez fan club, an El Vez phone line (1-800-KING-MEX) that will tell you what El Vez is doing just about now and where you can see him and there's even El Vez merchandise. And if that ain't just totally groovy, you can send an SASE to the El Vez Co. (The brand spanking new El Vez Co. address is P.O. Box 3807, Hollywood, CA 90078) and get some free El Vez stamps! El Vez merchandise ranges from El Vez portraits ("suitable for framing") to videos and t-shirts...and you can even get a lock of the King's hair for \$3 that comes with a letter of authenticity dated and signed by the barber!



And don't forget that El Vez has put out some records on the Sympathy For The Record Industry label. To my limited knowledge, there's one LP and two 45's that are still floating around; the others you could probably order from El Vez himself (well, not him - y'see, he's so kool that he's got girls on his phone line and a real "office" type thing to deal with peons like us).



"En El Barrio" is a great single. It's a cover of "In The Ghetto" but not only does El Vez change around the words and the language, he also manages to work in "Dear Mr. Fantasy" and The Beatles' "I've Got A Feeling!" (For his "I've Got A Feeling" bit, El Vez sings: "Everybody took a low ride...") There's also the "El Vez Calling" single with El Vez beating his guitar a-la "London Calling" Clash style.

Participate in **Bruce On A Stick!**

We're looking for all sorts of good stuff to cram in between these pages. So, send us your fanzines (movie zines, pinball zines, whatever!), cartoons, writings, home-made movies (on VHS), photos and most importantly, GOSSIP!!! Especially about Mark Hamill. And of course anything you have to report or say about Mr. Campbell. We're interested in everything and we just love/adore/cherish getting stuff in the mail. And hey, please write to tell us if you think BOAS' typeface is too small! I can't tell...

American Music Club

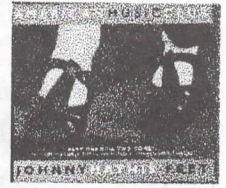
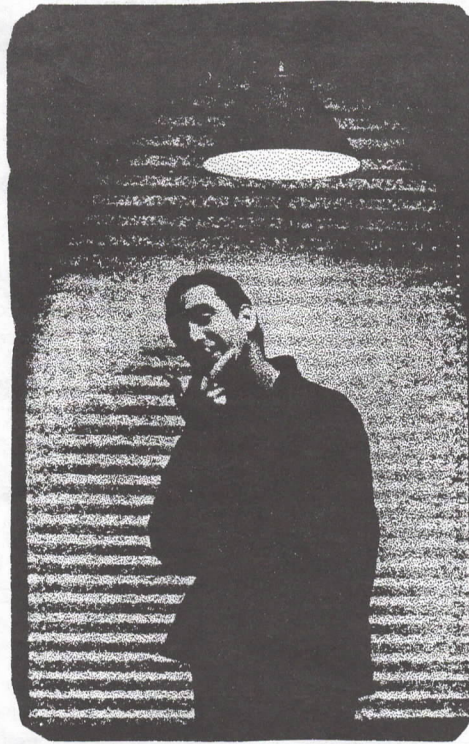
Live!

Okay, these guys have been all over the goddamn place (even *Rolling Stone*!) So, when do we get to be a big glossy thingie and have AMC on the cover? Then AMC's record company will force them to do an interview with us so that I don't have to sit and write a dumb live review that won't mean shit if you weren't there anyway...

AMC played Maxwells in Hobokon on Friday, 21 May and Irving Plaza on Tuesday, 25 May. The Friday show was just a bunch of glaring from one band member to another, but the Tuesday show was really amazing. Maybe I'm thinking this 'cos it was the most recent one, but I think that show might have been *the* best show I've ever seen them do and I've seen a good count-on-two-hands, count-on-two-continent number of shows. (Doesn't that sound just hoity-toity?!)

The spectacular bits: An impromptu and sparse, almost acapella, version of "Gary's Song" since everyone shouted for it (complete with a "forlorn and lonely" pedal steel solo that took even Mark by surprise) and a *Sorry, that was stupid* after an incredible toss of the guitar by Mark which thankfully flew in a different direction than me.

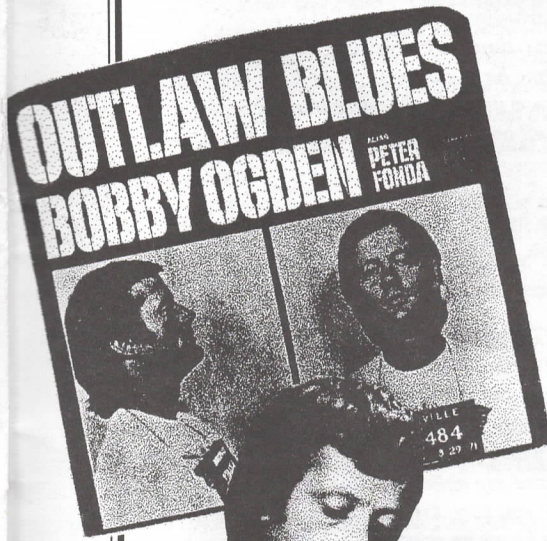
Well, to say the least, I wanted to go and travel around and see them all over the country. Next time. An AMC travelogue might be a little neat. Those guys do get weird quite a bit. Did we ever tell you about Mark eating our french fries and grinning at us from the bathroom while completely sodden? No? Oh well, outta room. 'Till next time...



CD Singles!

We are so lucky for that damn single concept. Cos AMC have about 4 for this new record of theirs, *Mercury*. I don't got 'em all yet because they're only available right now as pain-in-the-ass-to-find imports. Besides the 2 parted single for "Johnny Mathis' Feet" (featuring Vudi's shoes on the cover) there's also one for "Keep Me Around" which, rumor has it, includes two b-sidey, non-LP songs; one of which Vudi sings and the other that Danny sings! The B-sides on the "Johnny Mathis' Feet" singles are all "demos" (don't sound like demos to me...) of *Mercury* tracks plus one called "The Amyl Nitrate Dreams Of Pat Robertson."

Peter Fonda, swinger



Peter, Peter, Peter. Just 'cos you were friends with Gram Parsons in the sixties...

Okay, what am I saying? I love it when Son of Henry sings. I really do. *I dig it*. Every month I make a tape of the songs I'm most obsessed with and the "Outlaw Blues" single, both sides, have wound up on too many to admit to.

"Outlaw Blues," the movie, came out in 1977. Basically what happens to Peter in all his movies, happens here too. His character's name in the movie is Bobby Ogden, country music singing convict, hence his singing alias. In record guides, sometimes you have to look under this name to find out about the single. Basically any book that has this single in it will tell ya that's it's worth about \$10 with a mint picture sleeve. There are also lots of promos floating around out there that I've seen go for as little as 4 bucks. The *other* Peter Fonda single...now that is a catch. (I'll write about the Chisa one next time.)

The A side is "Outlaw Blues," and goes like this: "I got the LAST...LAUGH on you. And I'm singing the Outlaw Blues." The B side is Peter and co-star Susan St. James singing "I Dream Of Highways." ("I never knew...I'd find you there...") Ugh. I love it.



James Dean, my dead (or not?) hero...

Sometimes I just look at James Dean and I do the whole teenybopper sweatin' thing. And the mags from the 50's knew that almost everyone did the sweatin' thing over Mr. Dean and as a result, there was quite a few scandal, basically libelous articles printed about our dead sweetheart. All of them were extremely funny in a way only 1956 could be. Admidst articles named "James Dean: God Of A Morbid Cult" to "Jimmy Dean's Alive," I found one that I liked enough to share with y'all. I picked "James Dean's Torrid Love Letters" even though it is in *Rave* magazine's article "Why Jimmy Dean Is A Living Lie" that the "reporter" writes: "Of all the suckers in the world, America's bobby-soxers are the most. But now that *Rave* has told the truth, they will be boobish boobs indeed if they worship the likes of Jimmy Dean." (And why are we foolish to worship him? 'Cos look! He was actually a "slob" and he wore glasses too! How completely un-idol-like.) So here it is, reprinted from the pages of *Lowdown* magazine...

Revealed! James Dean's TORRID LOVE LETTERS

by Perry Taussing, Hollywood, CA

(Editor's Note: Since James Dean, film actor, was buried on October 8th, 1955, in his hometown of Fairmont, Indiana, a kind of sick and morbid hysteria has crept over the American scene.

Dean, who was only 24 at the time he was killed in his sports car, was just at the beginning of his meteoric career. His sudden death was a sad misfortune. Death always is.

But American women, married and unmarried, teen-agers and dowagers, have clutched this particular death to their bosoms and are making an emotional orgy of it.

Monthly, more than 8,000 love letters pour into Dean's former studio and to his former film colleagues. Most of the letters say that Dean is still alive and that the writers love him madly.

This is a gruesome mental illness of the unhealthiest order. A close friend of Dean, Sanford Roth, was trailing Dean's car the day he was killed. When the accident happened, he took several photos of the poor, smashed body and the car. Roth refuses to release these photos on the grounds that they are too horrible. He is quite right.

Yet, the fact that the pathetic remains were buried privately and not laid out for public view has given rise to this weird and necrophiliac sexual morbidity.

Herewith, for the first time, are revealed just a few of the printable love letters that have poured in. As Lew Bracker, a close friend of Dean's, puts it: "If Jimmy were here and saw what was going on, he'd die all over again without the accident. It's mass hysteria."

The following was written by a 44-year-old woman, mother of five children. It was, of course, written after Dean's death, written to a dead man.

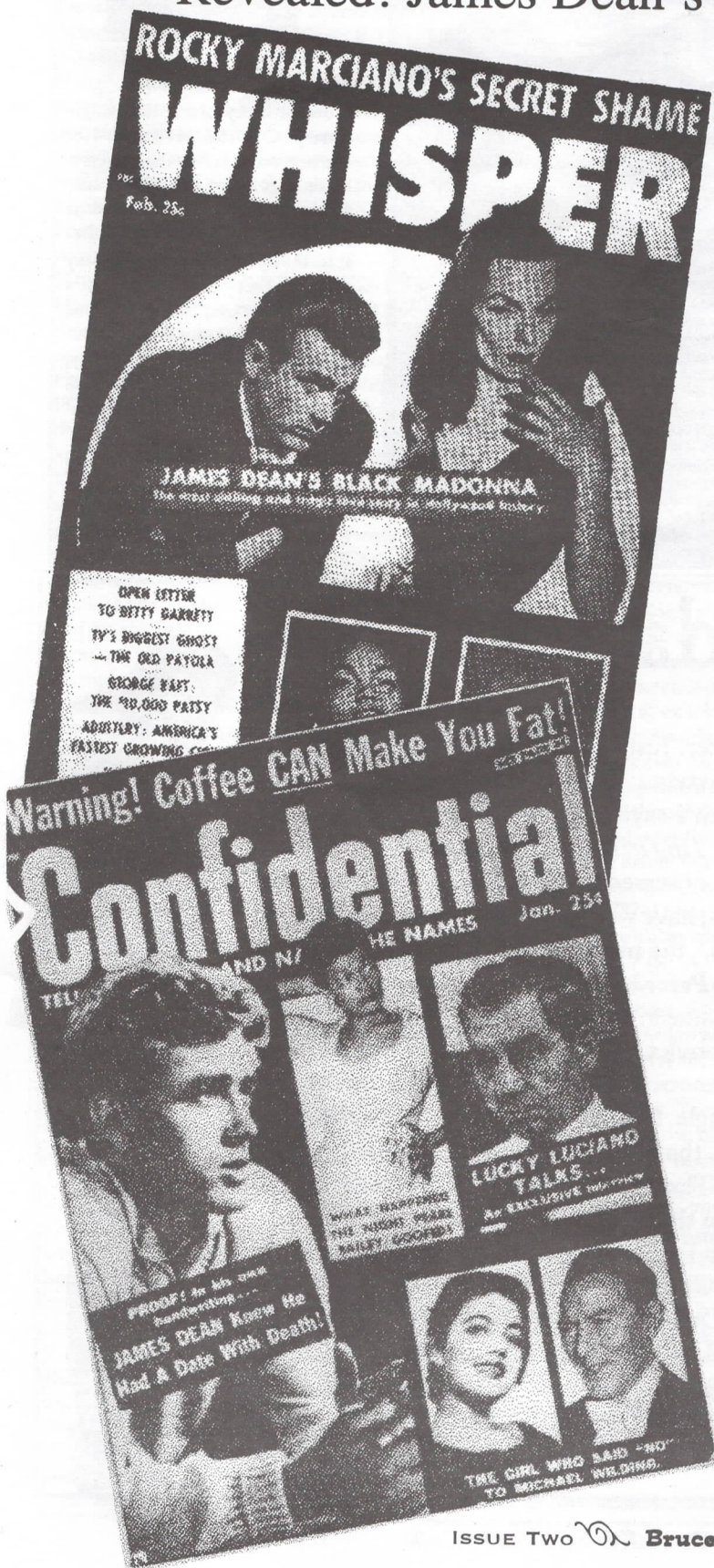
MY SWEET DARLING: When night falls and my stupid fat husband snores at my side, I hold you closely in my arms. I know you are not dead. You are disfigured and ashamed to show your face. My beloved one, I know you are alone somewhere in a foul rooming house. Tell me where you are. I have \$4,500 in savings. I will leave my husband and my children, bring the money to you and heal you. I will show you such love as you never knew. I will make you whole with my kisses no matter how badly you are hurt.

My Darling, when my fat husband insists on holding me in his arms and I get that feeling of being used and abused, I shut my eyes tightly and dream it is you who is clutching me. In my heart, I murmur your name and it is as though you are truly with me.

I hold you in my arms, press your dear, sweet face against my bosom and sleep, sleep. Here is my picture. You are my man and I am your woman. Write me, please write me, my Only One.

The following letter is from a teenager:

JIMMY, MINE: I am a virgin and yet I would give myself to you if only I could shield you against the thing that happened.



My true feeling is that you were horribly disfigured in that terrible car accident. I don't care. I know I should not be writing this, but I feel you are not dead. If you are dead, you will come back again.

If you do not come to me, I will never marry and I will always keep you in my heart as long as I live.

Jimmy, I have a little picture of you which is a shrine to me. Nights, I hold you against me closely and I know that you have some warmth and comfort in your secret hospital or your grave. Nothing else makes any difference to me at all.

My parents ask me why I don't go out with boys anymore. I cannot tell them. This is a secret between you and me. I have seen your movie "Rebel Without A Cause" 27 times now. One day, I saw it three times. I know that you look directly at me from the screen. It is then that I squeeze myself together and kind of make a soft ball of me so that you can hold me closely all in one piece.

This one is from a palpable homosexual. It shows how all-inclusive the Dean Disease has become.

SWEET JIMMY: I wrote you tonight because I see before me vividly the curly locks of your hair and your sweet body. Your limbs and mine -- Oh, I cannot go on.

I know you never knew real love for you were snuffed out before you had the chance. Studying your pictures in the movie magazines, I know you would have come over to our side, to the world of men that hates women.

I know you would have allowed me to serve you breakfast in bed and to kiss you full on the lips as you lie there on OUR pillow, sleepy and drowsy. And then...

(Editor's note: The description following is unprintable.)

This sad and sick missive is from a very rich society woman who lives in Texas:

JAMES: I must speak to you sternly now. The plot to keep you from greatness and stardom is known to me. I have spoken with my husband about this and he is indifferent. But I have hired private detectives and I know you have been the victim of a conspiracy to keep you from the top. I have written you before, giving proof, but you've ignored me. You must listen.

That automobile accident was a setup, wasn't it, son? I am 45 but I still feel the thrill of womanhood. I can shower upon you hundreds of thousands of dollars. I can set you up as a producer and director of

your own films. I know where you are hiding out with the scars on your face and your thighs. But you have got great acting talent and I will lavish everything to show up your enemies.

This one is from two girls who share a mutual and fantastic obsession:

JIMMY With The Beautiful Mouth: Our names are Lillie and Francine. We both work in a San Francisco department store. Each week, we are putting aside in a joint bank account \$25 for you. We already have \$650 saved up for when you come back.

As soon as we have \$1,000, we intend to leave home and set up a place for you and us. We will not be jealous of each other at all for you are the man of our dreams. We have spoken about this a thousand times and we promise that if you will share us equally, we will never give you any trouble. We don't expect marriage either, for you can't marry both of us.

If we have babies, these babies will be the family's babies. We don't care what people will say at all. We just love you and dream about you.

We know you are in trouble because of the accident. We took a bus trip to your grave and we are sure that an empty coffin was placed there. Jimmy, you can't fool us. Men like you never die. Men like you were placed on earth to make women happy.

Just picture it, Jimmy. Three bedrooms. A

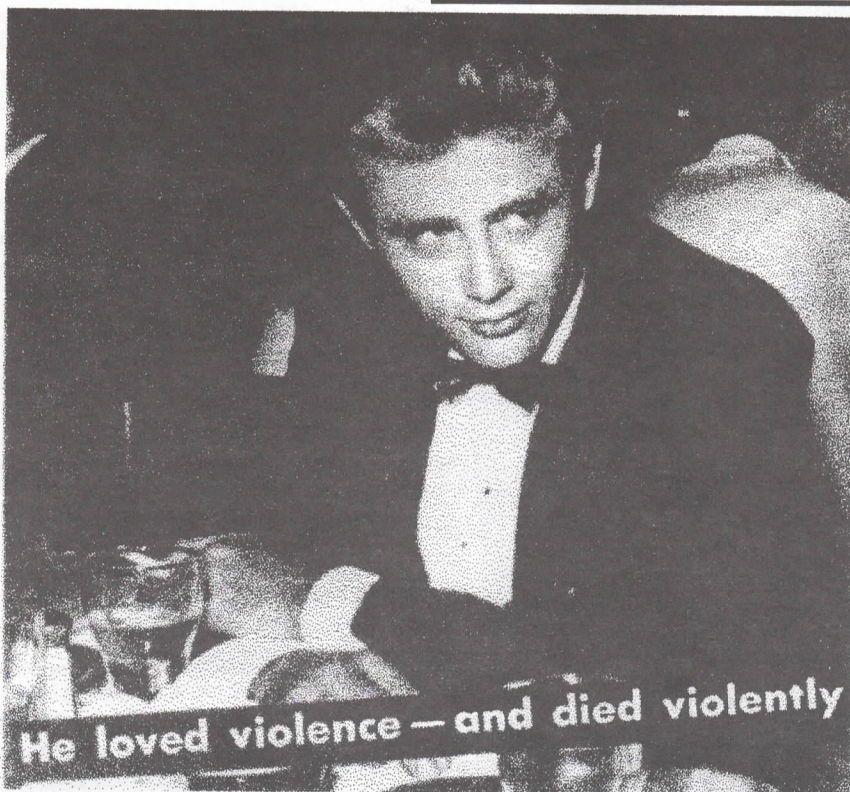
kitchen. A living room. We will work for you and keep your secret safe for we know that you have lost an eye and an ear and that your nose is broken in several places. It doesn't matter that your movie career is over. What do we care? We will give you courage to come forth and be cared for - and you will have a wonderful life. Home is waiting for you, Jimmy. What more can two girls offer?

What does a noted psychiatrist, head of one of the country's largest mental institutions, have to say about this illness that is sweeping the land like an epidemic?

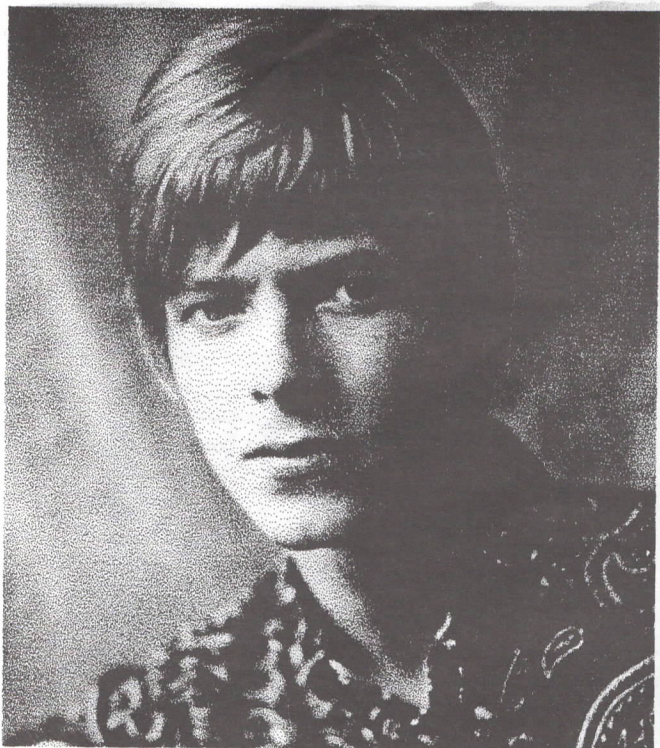
"It is not easy to analyze it. It is definitely a sickness.

When women send love letters to a dead man, it can only be because they are disappointed in life and the living. Women who have lost touch with reality always seem to want more than mortal men can give them - and so they build up an imaginary picture of an immortal man who can give them the satisfaction they seek.

"The Jimmy Dean situation, of course, is not new. The Roaring Twenties witnessed a similar mania with the death of the great screen idol, Rudolph Valentino. Then too, women refused to believe that Valentino had died, and worshipped at his shrine with a sickening devotion. The Dean case is a repetition, though much worse, of this disease. Let us hope it will pass away quickly, and not too painfully."



This article was reprinted with permission from Shake Books' excellent collection called "The Best of James Dean in the 'scandal magazines' of 1955-1958" You can get a copy for \$8.95 sent to 449 12th Street, #2-R, Brooklyn, NY 11215.



Music stuff...

Okay, so instead of dishing out some insipid reviews, I'm just gonna blab aimlessly about some worthwhile stuff that has passed through my life recently. First is David Bowie's new record. Now, those of you who know me will suspect that I'm only mentioning it so I can put a really cute pic of David and talk about *The Man Who Sold The World* in my fanzine. True, of course. (What a great record *MWSW* is! Besides "Holy Holy," I have to hear "Black Country Rock" every day or I'll puke. Last month that song was "TVC15" and the month before that it was "London Bye Ta Ta..." This could go on forever...) But I also like this new record a lot. A total of four of the songs suck, which includes the Morrissey song (what a surprise), and they really do suck. However, the rest I think are really great and there's much more good than bad here so go and buy it. Can't tell ya what the CD bonus tracks are like though; just go right to "Miracle Goodnight." Oh, and did I say that this is a "dance" album? well it is. so there. "Looking For Lester" just kicks butt-meat too. By the way, the new record (as in vinyl, bonehead) is called *Black Tie, White Noise* and was put out by Savage, the Duke's own label. And...did anyone catch him on these talk shows he's making the rounds on? My favourite is when he pretends to not have been bisexual in the 70's. Like, puh-leez... Okay next up is the Rev. Horton Heat with some neat-o psychobilly. I've heard that he kinda stinks live, but what the hell, we're listening to an evil CD now. *The Full Custom Sounds Of The Reverend Horton Heat* (Sub Pop) is a real good sounding record. The songs are a little too novelty-like in subject matter, but that can be ignored.

Well Simple Machines is just a fine, fine label. They have sent me a bunch of neat stuff like the new Tsunami album (*Deep End*), the Grenadine *Goya* LP (A get-together from Jenny of Tsunami and Mark from Unrest) and the coolest 7" I've ever seen. "In A Name" comes with a matchbook cover and a matches sleeve. (I'm told Jane W. did it first though.) Simple Machines is also just a totally conscientious label that tries to spread good in whatever it does and whomever it does it to. Write for their catalogue. They also carry and distribute other stuff so you're sure to find something that you like! (Simple Machines' address is P.O. Box 10290, Arlington, VA 22210-1290.) A CD that I've had the pleasure of stealing from one of my friends is The Beasts Of Bourbon double thingie called *From The Belly Of The Beasts*. One disc is live ('91 and '92 stuff) and the other is full of outtakes. There are Rolling Stones covers, Hank Williams covers and even an unlisted "Anarchy In The U.K." bit. There's also kool-ass damn liner notes by Tex Perkins, front man. I've always really gotton off on these swampy Australians doing American blues-dustbowl-rock, even though the band is only a part-time thing for everyone involved (they all belong to other bands and consider The Beasts Of Bourbon as secondary.) I did get to see them live though during one year's New Music Seminar but Tex seemed to have listened to too much Jim Morrison right before the show. Of course I was happy to see Tex when he was hanging out at a bar down the street from my apt. after the show however. But I blew it and couldn't think of anything to say.

Peter O'Toole, Scribbler

Loitering With Intent - a book! by Peter O'Toole

Well, it took until pg.75, but I got there... I started to like this book.

What really happened was that it started to grow on me.

It's hard to know sometimes what to write. At first I thought I'd write:
One day I would love to marry Peter, but what happens if he finds out I thought his book was a little on the stinky side?

Okay, so let's suppose that the book is on the stinky side, that the structure is hopeless and the wit that of an eccentric 60-something Englishman. But what if we pointed out all the sincerely charming parts (that only an eccentric 60-something Englishman could come up with) and had a big fuss over them?

(In my favorite part of the book, one X-mas, Peter's dad goes into the kitchen and pops a blown-up paper bag and then comes out and tells young Peter that

Santa Claus has just shot himself.)

This book, in a way, is a bit like Bill's *Naked Lunch* - it doesn't make any sense and it probably should've been a poem or something.

Loitering With Intent pretty much got the crap kicked outta it in all its reviews. Probably 'cos it has nothing to do with the drunk and acting Peter, but is more of a stream of consciousness dealing with his childhood. Oh, and don't let me forget, it's also about the two biggest people in his life as a kid - his dad (love) and Hitler (hate).

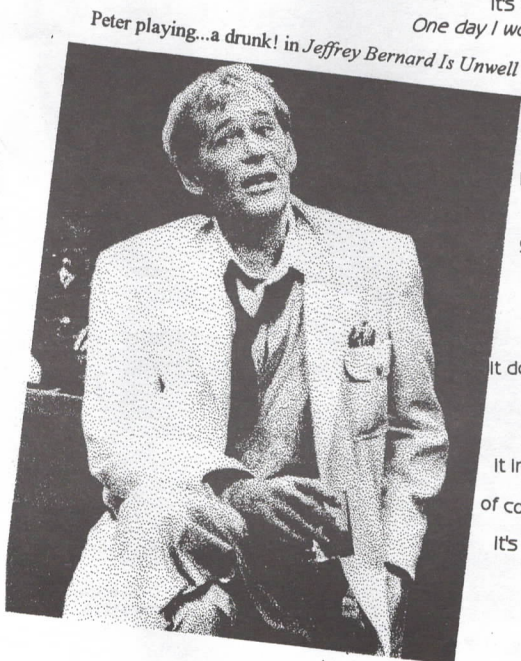
Screw the *New York Times* - I liked it! A lot!

Mum says maybe I like it only 'cos I've had a crush on Peter since I was a little kiddie.



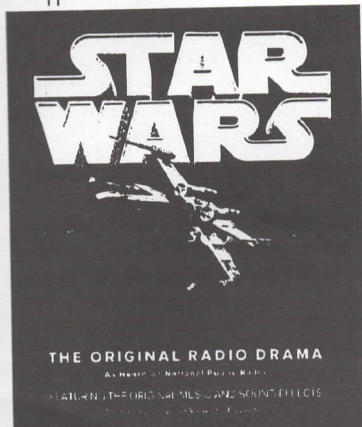
A great pic of Peter

by super 60's photographer Lewis Morley



Peter playing...a drunk! in *Jeffrey Bernard Is Unwell*

Mark Hamill - In The Future Again!



Let's see... For this issues' famous Mark H. bit, I was gonna write about that new video release, *Time Runner*. But then, this damn *Star Wars* thing came out. You've probably seen it in your local bookstore in the audio-books section. It's a package of 6 cassettes for something like 35 bucks (I don't know how much actually, mums got it for me.) You might remember way back when we were still kiddies in the very early eighties that National Public Radio did a *Star Wars* radio show that ran for 13 episodes. If you missed it, here's your chance to own it. And won't you be proud to have it! We know that Mark, who comes back for the role of Luke, is very proud to have been involved in this. Okay. I'm being very sarcastic. This thing is so horrible that Glenn and I could only listen to the first three episodes before we had to take a 2 week break from the series. And at the end of the third episode is when these shows actually *start to resemble* the movie. Otherwise you've got Luke being teased by his friends for wanting to be a pilot, a dinner party with Princess Leia and her pop and other stuff that makes you go, *Whaaat?*

We had to persevere to get through all these tapes. Oy vey. I can only recommend this to big-time *Star Wars* die-hards. It would've made a great & horrible movie (wait, it did!) but just being an audio version of someone's weird interpretation of the epic probably wouldn't cut it for most. (Yeah, whose interpretation is this anyway? We're thinking maybe there were copyright problems that stopped the series from using the movie's storyline or something like that - cause I'm telling ya, this is one strange version of *Star Wars*.)

As for *Time Runner*, their dopey company was supposed to send me pics but they never did. I guess we don't qualify! Stoopid of them though, I think. Who else is gonna give this garbage ink besides us Mark Hamill followers? Maybe they were scared we'd pan it. Which of course is not possible to do to a Luke Skywalker movie.

Time for an aside: I was on the Internet a coupla months ago and there was a discussion about Mark's plastic surgery going on in one of the boards. One person was saying that Mark looks way older than he should nowadays and that his 70's plastic surgery is probably to blame. I guess that could be it. I was wondering why he looked like a drunk, but I guess his face could be falling for other reasons. Do you think Mark blames his wasted career on that accident?

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Tequila Lollipop Contest!

It's a thingie! A fiendish thingie!

Win a tequilla lollipop made by the S.S. Lollipop company! I'm way too scared to put my mouth on one of these suckers, so I'm giving 'em away. They got a worm in 'em and everything - and are sugar free! So, all you gotta do to win one is to correctly answer the trivia question below.

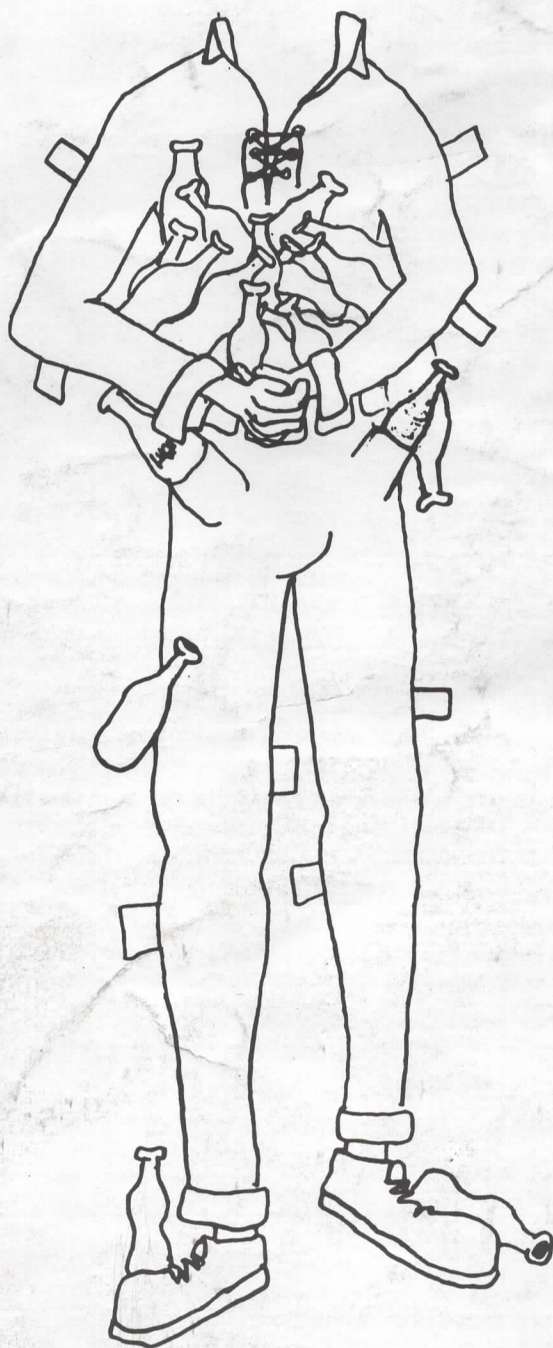
Bruce impresses me in the most wonderful way and came up with this Wings Hauser trivia question:

What ill-fated sci-fi series was Wings most recently seen in?

Correct answers go in a hat and the winner will be announced in the next zine and will shortly after get a pop. And you must tell us what it's like! Entries must be here around the 15th of Sept. 1993!

*** More Bruce-given Wings' gossip: Wings' read for a part in *The Adventures Of Brisco County Jr.*!

Bruce On A Holiday!



Yo! You don't got a paper doll? Loser, Issue One is luckily available for \$3 ppd. Still.

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Next Issue:

- *Another Peter Fonda 45 rpm
 - *Part One of the Bruce Campbell mega-movie checklist - don't miss it!
 - *The Camp of *COPS* by Lugo
 - *Maybe a magnanimous and extensive Jeremy Irons article if I feel like doing the researching and the scribbling (or maybe Willem Dafoe?)
 - *Maybe Part One of a million parts of the "LSD" movies article if there's room
 - *More fanzine listings
- See y'all in October!

One day as I was thinking too much about *Beverly Hills 90210*, I was wondering what was *the most* unbelievable storyline they've had. I've only watched the show for this last season, so here's some of my picks from then (in order of asininity):

1. Tori Spelling as a *model* in France - and it's not even a scam!
 2. "Donna Martin must graduate!" protest.
 3. The kids *cover up* the Hollywood sign.
- Runners-up:
1. That whole X-mas episode.
 2. Dylan joins AP English about a month before the school year is over.
 3. Female creatures think Steve is cute.
 4. Dylan is 18 years old.
 5. David Silver graduates a year early.
 6. Kelly, Dylan and Brenda are still friends.
 7. That Dylan gives a crap about Kelly.

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